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'UP THE COUNTRY'

VOL. I.

LONDON
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NEW-STREET SQUARE

'UP THE COUNTRY'

Letters written to her Sister

FROM

THE UPPER PROVINCES OF INDIA

BY

THE HON. EMILY EDEN

AUTHORESS OF 'THE SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE' AND 'THE SEMI-ATTACHED COUPLE'

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET

PUBLISHER IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY

1866

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TO THE

LORD WILLIAM GODOLPHIN OSBORNE.

My dear William,

I know no one but yourself who can now take any lively interest in these letters.

She, to whom they were addressed, they of whom they were written, have all passed away, and you and I are now almost the only survivors of the large party that in 1838 left Government House for the Upper Provinces.

Many passages of this Diary, written solely for the amusement of my own family, have of course been omitted; but not a word has been added to descriptions which have little merit, but that they are true and that they were written on the spot.

Now that India has fallen under the curse of railroads, and that life and property will soon become as

insecure there, as they are here, the splendour of a Governor-General's progress is at an end.

The Kootûb will probably become a railway station; the Taj will of course, under the sway of an Agra Company (limited, except for destruction), be bought up for a monster hotel; and the Governor-General will dwindle down into a first-class passenger with a carpet-bag. These details, therefore, of a journey that was picturesque in its motley processions, in its splendid crowds, and in its 'barbaric gold and pearl,' may be thought amusing. So many changes have since taken place in Indian modes of travelling, that these contrasts of public grandeur and private discomfort will probably be seen no more, on a scale of such magnitude.

Believe me,

Ever your affectionate Aunt,

EMILY EDEN.

EDEN LODGE, KENSINGTON GORE:

May 1866.

'UP THE COUNTRY.'

CHAPTER I.

On board the 'Megna' flat, Saturday, Oct. 21, 1837.

'ONCE more upon the waters, yet once more,' and so on. We are now fairly off for eighteen months' of travelling by steamers, tents, and mountains—and every day of a cabin seems to me like so much waste. They ought all to go to the great account of the long voyage that will, at last, take us home again. And this cabin looks so like my 'Jupiter' abode, in all its fittings and appointments, that it is really a pity to throw its discomforts away in going farther off. Well, I am sure it is all for the best—I make no objection—I like to see things take their course; but still I *do* say, that for a person who required nothing but to be allowed the undisturbed enjoyment of that small Greenwich house and garden, with all its little Cockney pleasures and

pursuits, I have been very hardly treated and rather over-worked. We got up at five this morning; the servants were all in a fuss, and Wright was in all the delusions of carpet-bags and nice bandboxes, in which she may be indulged till we leave the steamer, and then she will be obliged to wake from them, as the coolie is yet to be discovered who would carry a carpet-bag, and a bandbox does not precisely meet the views of a camel.

When we came down for some coffee, the great hall was full of gentlemen who had come to accompany his lordship to the ghaut—even Mr. Macaulay had turned out for it. F. and I, with Captain P., soon took ourselves off, and drove down to the landing-place. There were two lines of troops from the door of Government House to the river, and the band was playing that march in the 'Puritani' which, when we were at the Admiralty, used to be played every morning by the Guards' band, and which, consequently, always carries me back to the horrid time of our preparations for leaving England, so I can always cry it all over again to that tune. The road was covered with carriages and riders; and, at the ghaut, a large set of our particular

acquaintances were waiting for us, so we got out and stood with them while G. made his progress on foot. It was really a very pretty procession: such crowds of people and such diversities of dress. He is not so shy as he used to be at these ceremonies, though I think a long walk through troops presenting arms is trying to everybody. The instant he arrived at the ghaut, he gave a general good-bye, offered me his arm, and we walked off to the boats as fast as we could. The guns fired, the gentlemen waved their hats, and so we left Calcutta. It has really done handsomely by us, and we ought to be obliged to them for *saying*—if it is no more—that they are sorry we are going. But I daresay we are an amusement to them. They liked our balls and parties, and whatever we did or said was the subject of an anecdote; and if we said or did nothing they invented something for us—and it all served to wonder at—which, in a country where there is little society and few topics, was an advantage.

The Sunderbunds, Monday, Oct. 23.

We came into these lovely riant scenes on Sunday morning. They are a composition of

low stunted trees, marsh, tigers and snakes, with a stream that sometimes looks like a very wide lake and then becomes so narrow that the jungle wood scrapes against the sides of the flat—and this morning scraped away all G.'s jalousies, which are a great loss. I never saw such a desolate scene: no birds flying about—there is no grain for them to eat. We have met only one native boat, which must have been there since the Deluge. Occasionally there is a bamboo stuck up with a bush tied to it, which is to recall the cheerful fact that there a tiger has carried off a man. None of our Hindus, though they are starving, will go on shore to cook—and, indeed, it would be very unsafe. It looks as if this bit of world had been left unfinished when land and sea were originally parted. The flat is dreadfully hot at night; but not more uncomfortable than a boat must necessarily be in this climate.

I must make you acquainted with the other flat, because then, once for all, you will understand our prospect of travelling companions. You know all about Mr. and Mrs. A. and their two children. Mr. and Mrs. B. are our next couple. He is one of the Government secre-

taries, clever and pleasant, speaks Persian rather more fluently than English; Arabic better than Persian; but, for familiar conversation, rather prefers Sanscrit. Mr. and Mrs. C. (belonging to Mr. B.'s office) are a very pleasant couple; he acts and sings, and knows most of the people we know, and she sings and plays on the harp like an angel; and they have a small child, the least little sick thing possible, which I affection, and I mean to borrow it when we are in camp to play in my tent. I often *weary* for a child to talk to. Captain and Mrs. D. are our commissariat couple—she is very pretty. General E. is the public military secretary—an astutious oldish man. The two steamers generally anchor together at night; but the other comes in later than ours, and so we have seen none of the other party but Mr. A., who says they do very well together, all things considered. General E. is suspected of not being partial to the small D., A., and C. children—there had been rather an angry controversy about some apple and pear jam; and, in general, they were all, like our noble selves, so much bored that they went to bed at eight. Otherwise, they were all perfectly happy.

Wednesday, Oct. 25.

We stopped at Koolna yesterday for coals, and stayed an hour to let the Hindus cook their dinner. We are out of the Sunderbunds now, and steaming between two banks not quite so elevated, nor nearly so picturesque as those flat marshes between Eastcombe and the river; and, they say, we shall see nothing prettier, or rather less hideous, between this and Simla, except at Raj Mahl. G. is already bored to death with having nothing to do. He has read two novels and cannot swallow any more, and is longing for his quiet cool room at Government House. The nights are dreadful—all for want of a punkah—and hardly any of us get a wink of sleep. However, we shall soon overtake cooler weather. The six gentlemen passed the three first nights on deck, owing to the heat below, and I sat up in bed fanning myself. The native servants sleep any and everywhere, over our heads, under our feet, or at our doors, and as there are no partitions but green blinds at the sides and gratings above, of course we hear them coughing all night.

Thursday, Oct. 26.

They are steering us very badly; we go rolling about from one side of the river to the other,

and every now and then thump against the bank, and then the chairs and table all shake and the inkstand tips over. I think I feel a little sea-sick. Our native servants look so unhappy. They hate leaving their families, and possibly leaving two or three wives is two or three times as painful as leaving one, and they cannot endure being parted from their children. Then they are too crowded here to sleep comfortably. Major J. observed in a gentle, ill-used voice: 'I think Captain K. behaved very ill to us; he said that between both steamers and the flat he could lodge all the servants that were indispensably and absolutely necessary to us, so I only brought one hundred and forty, and now he says there is not room even for them.' Certainly this boat must be drunk, she reels about in such a disorderly fashion. I wish I had my cork jacket on.

I am glad that in your last letter you deigned for once to comment on the 'Pickwick Papers.' I collected all the stray numbers, and began reading them straight through to-day, because hitherto I have never had time to make out exactly what they were about, delightful as they were. I wish you would read over again that

account of Winkle and the horse which will not go on—'Poor fellow! good old horse!'—and Pickwick saying, 'It is like a dream, a horrid dream, to go about all day with a horrid horse that we cannot get rid of.' That book makes me laugh till I cry, when I am sitting quite by myself.——There! I thought so. We are aground, and the other steamer is going flourishing by, in grinning delight.

Friday, Oct. 27.

We remained aground for two hours, and *touched* several times after we were afloat. Some of the other party visited us in the evening, and I lent General E. a novel to help him on. I have been reading 'Astoria,' out of that last box you sent us, and that great fat 'Johnsoniana.' The anecdotes are not very new, but anything about Johnson is readable. G. has got some Bridgewater Treatises, which he likes.

Beanleah, Saturday, Oct. 28.

We stopped at Surder yesterday, to take in some sheep. We ought to have been there two days ago, if we had had better pilots and fewer groundings. G. said, last night, when we again failed in landing there, that it seemed to him Absurder rather than Surder. He made another

good pun to-day. How our intellects are weakened by the climate!—we make and relish puns! The A. D. C.'s are very apt to assemble over our cabins at night, to smoke and to talk, and we hear every word they say. When it is really time to go to sleep, I generally send old Rosina up to disperse them, in her civilest manner. I was telling W. O. that they were like so many old Chelsea pensioners; they go on prosing night after night exclusively about the army, the king's army, and the company's army; and that if there were only a little levity in their talk, I should not so much mind being kept awake by it. He said, 'Ah, yes, we were very animated last night about the company's army, and your old Rosina came creeping up with "O sahib, *astai* bolo" (*gently* speak), upon which G. observed, "Ah, if she had said, O sahib, *nasty* bolo!" that would have satisfied Emily much better.' This joke being founded on Hindustani, and coming from the Governor-General, kept the whole suite in a roar of laughter for half an hour. They really relished it.

Two young writers whom we had known at Calcutta came to Surder to meet us, and we took them on board and took them back to Baulyah.

How some of these young men must detest their lives! Mr. —— was brought up entirely at Naples and Paris, came out in the world when he was quite a boy, and cares for nothing but society and Victor Hugo's novels, and that sort of thing. He is now stationed at B., and supposed to be very lucky in being appointed to such a cheerful station. The whole concern consists of five bungalows, very much like the thatched lodge at Langley. There are three married residents: one lady has bad spirits (small blame to her), and she has never been seen; another has weak eyes, and wears a large shade about the size of a common verandah; and the other has bad health, and has had her head shaved. A tour is not to be had here for love or money, so she wears a brown silk cushion with a cap pinned to the top of it. The Doctor and our friend make up the rest of the society. He goes every morning to hear causes between natives about strips of land or a few rupees—that lasts till five; then he rides about an uninhabited jungle till seven; dines; reads a magazine, or a new book when he can afford one, and then goes to bed. A lively life, with the thermometer at several hundred!

Raj Mahl, Monday, Oct. 30.

We are now, after ten days' hard steaming, only 200 miles from Calcutta. G. sighs for the Salisbury 'Highflyer' and a good roadside inn; but to-day we have come to some hills and a pretty bit of country. We landed at four, saw the ruins, which are very picturesque, gave Chance a run on shore, and we had time for one sketch. But the real genuine charm and beauty of Raj Mahl were a great fat Baboo standing at the ghaut, with two bearers behind him carrying the post-office packet. There were letters by the 'Madagascar,' which left London the 20th July, and was only three months on her passage. I had your large packet, and ten letters. Altogether it was a great prize, was not it? and just at such an interesting period. I think the young Queen a charming invention, and I can fancy the degree of enthusiasm she must excite. Even here we feel it. The account of her proroguing Parliament gave me a lump in my throat; and then why is the Duchess of Kent not with her in all these pageants? There is something mysterious about that. Probably nothing is more simple, or obvious, but still I should like to know what the mother and

daughter say to each other when they meet in private. To return to your letters. There must have been one missing, because Newsalls suddenly burst upon me as your actual residence, whereas I did not know that there was such a place, that it had ever been built, or that you ever thought of taking it.

Wednesday, Nov. 1.

We expect to be at Monghir to-morrow morning, whence I can send this. We passed through some pretty scenery yesterday, but it is all over now, I am afraid, and we shall see nothing but flat plains till we arrive at Simla.

CHAPTER II.

The Ganges, Saturday, Nov. 4, 1837.

I SENT off my Journal to you the day before yesterday from Monghir. We arrived there early on Thursday morning, and G. found there were so many people there whom he ought to see, and we saw so many objects that were tempting to sketch, that he agreed to remain there all day. All the English residents, *six* in number (and that is what they call a large station), came on board immediately, and amongst them Mr. D., Lord S.'s son. I thought he had been married a month ago, but it appears he prefers being married in a regular clerical fashion, and is waiting for the bishop, who is travelling about marrying and confirming and christening, and who is to be at Monghir in ten days.

We landed at half past three, in a covered boat, with umbrellas, &c., and went straight to a tent, where the resident had collected all the Monghir manufactures for our inspection; but it

is impossible to buy anything, as what is to become of it in camp? Otherwise, the inlaid tables and boxes were tempting, and there was the prettiest doll's furniture possible, tables, and cane-chairs, and sofas, and footstools, of such curious workmanship. The vehicles of the place, amounting to four *buggies* (that is a foolish term for a cabriolet, but as it is the only vehicle in use in India, and as buggy is the only name for said vehicle, I give it up) and a bullock cart, were assembled for our use.

We drove off to Seetakund, where there is a hot spring—a thing I never believed in; I thought the water might be a little warm, just the chill taken off, but it was impossible to keep one's finger in this, even for a moment, and it was the most beautiful clear-looking basin of water, so blue and bright. The drive there was a real refreshment; it is the first time for two years I have felt the carriage going *up hill* at all, and this was not a simple slope but a good regular hill. Then we came to some genuine rocks—great, bleak, grey stones, with weeds growing between them, and purple hills in the distance. I felt better directly.

We all sketched away, and did not come back

till it was dusk. Altogether, it was a nice scrambling, home-like expedition, if I had not come back with such a bad headache. But, though I did, I liked Monghir, and respect J. for having organised such a good day.

Patna, Sunday, Nov. 5.

Here we are, in such a comfortable house, I never saw the like, and very cool and pleasant it is.

We anchored last night, within sight of the town; but Patna is six miles long at least, and Mr. T. lives at Bankipore, a sort of Battersea to Patna; so we got up at six this morning, and went on deck to see the town. There never was anything so provokingly picturesque, considering that the steamer goes boring on without the slightest regard for our love of sketching.

It was a Hindu holiday. I must do the Hindus the justice to say that they make as many holidays out of one year as most people do out of ten; and I am not at all sure whether a small importation of Hindus would not be acceptable to you, to accompany your boys to school as regulators to their school-days. It would be a safeguard against their being overworked. The whole bank was lined with natives bringing

immense baskets of fruit for 'the Ganges to look at,' as the Nazir* expressed it; and they were dipping their baskets into the river with their graceful salaams and then bowing their heads down to the water. They are much more clothed here than in Bengal, and the women wear bright crimson veils, or yellow with crimson borders, and sometimes purple dresses with crimson borders, and have generally a little brown baby, with a scarlet cap on, perched on their hips. I wish you would have one little brown baby for a change; they are so much prettier than white children. Behind these crowds of people, there were old mosques and temples and natives' houses, and the boats of rich natives in front with gilded sterns, and painted peacocks at the prow. In short, just what people say of India; you know it all, but it is pretty to see and I mean the 'moral' of my Indian experience to be, that it is the most picturesque population, with the ugliest scenery, that ever was put together.

We breakfasted at eight, and just as we had finished, Mr. T. came with all the English resident gentlemen to take us on shore—Mr. G. amongst the rest. Such a pleasure for Miss H.

* The head of the Governor-General's native servants.

I think that little iron is coming well out of the fire.

There were carriages without number at the ghaut; a regiment, brought from Dinapore to receive his lordship, which lined the way up to Mr. T.'s house; a band to play; a second breakfast to be eaten, and the most comfortable house possible.

My room is lined with idle books, and these up-country houses all have fire-places and carpets, and though it is still very hot the idea that it ever may be cold is reviving. G. and F. went to church where Mr. T. read prayers and another gentleman read a sermon, and they said it was one of the best-performed services they have heard in this country. We have taken a hideous drive this evening over some brown plains, and have twenty-six people at dinner, I grieve to say. I am as stiff as a poker with a fall into the hold of the flat, and was obliged to stay at home all day.

Monday, Nov. 6.

A dull dinner, very! but Mr. —— is in himself a jewel; and he looks like that man in Matthews's 'At home' who used to say, with a melancholy look, that he was 'fond of fun;' but

still, in that melancholy way, he is very pleasant. His eyebrows keep me in a continual state of wonderment. They are thick masses of very long hair, and if they were my eyebrows, or if he were my Mr. T., I should with a small pair of curling-irons and a great deal of *huile antique*, make them up into little ringlets, like a doll's wig. I think they would have a very original and graceful effect. We have had such a fatiguing day—just what we must have at every station—but still it is fatiguing. There were about forty people at breakfast; then, from eleven to one, F. and I, received the ladies of the station, and most of the gentlemen came again, even those who had been at breakfast. G.'s audiences went on for four hours; so the aides-de-camp had a pleasant day of it.

Then there was company at luncheon; and, at half-past three, G. held a durbar. Some of the rajahs came in great state—one with a gold howdah on his elephant; another had a crimson velvet covering to his carriage, embroidered with gold, and they all had a great many retainers. To some of them G. gave gold dresses and turbans, and we went behind a screen to see Mr. T. and the other gentlemen help the rajahs

into their gold coats. The instant the durbar was over we set off, an immense party, to see Patna, and we saw the Durgah, one of the largest Mussulman temples there is, and then went to part of the town where the streets are too narrow for a carriage, and where they had provided tonjauns and elephants for us, and we poked along, through herds of natives, to a curious Sikh temple, which is kept up by contributions from Runjeet Singh. The priest read us a little bit of their Bible (not the Koran), very much to our edification, and they brought out a sword in a red scabbard, which they worship, and they gave George some petitions, and then we went home to another great dinner.

Tuesday, Nov. 7.

We have had a much quieter day. In the morning the rajahs of yesterday sent G. his presents—shawls, kincobs, &c., three very fine elephants, and two horses. There was nothing very pretty in the presents, except an ivory arm-chair and an ivory tonjaun inlaid with silver. F. and I had two very picturesque camels and camel drivers to sketch in the morning, and the rajah to whom they belonged sent

in the afternoon to beg we would accept both camels and riders. Such nice little pets, in case of anything happening to Chance or to F.'s deer. However, we returned them, and I heard last night that he was quite puzzled, and annoyed that we would not keep them.

G. went to see the jail and the opium godowns, which he said were very curious. There is opium to the value of 1,500,000*l.* in their storehouses, and Mr. T. says that they wash every workman who comes out; because the little boys even, who are employed in making it up, will contrive to roll about in it, and that the *washing* of a little boy well rolled in opium is worth four annas (or sixpence) in the bazaar, if he can escape to it.

We took a quiet drive with W., and then went to a large granary that was built years ago, and then found to be useless, and now it is only curious for the echo in it. There we found Mrs. A., Mr. G., and Miss H., and some others; and Mr. G. had brought his flute, and Miss H. observed that the echo repeated the notes of the flute better than anything else. But then Mr. G. clapped his hands, and that was better still. He gave her his arm as we came out, and she looked

very shy; and we all tried to look very stupid and unobservant. I have not seen such a promising attachment for a long while. Half our party went on board to-night, and G. goes at seven to-morrow morning; but F. and I are going to stay with Mr. T. till the evening, and then drive straight to the ball at Dinapore, only five miles, and A. stays for us. All the others go, as G. has a levee in the morning.

Dinapore, Thursday, Nov. 9.

We arrived in excellent time for our ball, and to see G.'s landing, which by moonlight and torch-light was a very pretty sight. The whole way from the ghaut to the house, where the ball was given, was carpeted, and there are plenty of troops here, to make a street, and our own people turned out in great force.

There were some very pretty people at the ball, which went off remarkably well. Mr. G. danced three times with Miss H., which is considered here equal to a proposal and a half. Dear stern old Mr. T. is quite interested in that novel, and came two or three times in the course of the evening with a melancholy face of fun, to say—'The *little affair* is going on remarkably well: he is dancing with her again.' We are

now going to a review, and then to a dinner given to us by the Queen's 31st regiment, which is to end in another ball and supper.

Well! it is lucky that anybody *can* do anything they ought to do, but I had only four hours' sleep last night.

Friday, Nov. 10.

The dinner went off well, and so did the review. The 31st is J.'s regiment, so he was extremely anxious that they should do a great deal to our honour and glory. We sat down seventy-four to dinner, Colonel B. between G. and me, and the chief lady and the senior captain of the regiment on our other sides; the old bishop, whom we met here, took F. to the opposite side of the table. It was a less formal dinner than I expected. G. had to make another speech, and longer than last night's, and it was very original and neatly turned, and gave great satisfaction. We stayed through part of the ball, and came away before supper, on pretence of fatigue. Both Patna and Dinapore have distinguished themselves, and it has really been all done so cordially and handsomely that we can bear a little fatigue for the

sake of the goodnature of the people who entertain us. And, at all events, it makes a gay week for the station. Some ladies came sixty miles to these balls. At the ball there were some rajahs in splendid dresses; such magnificent jewels, and some of them had never seen an English ball before. They think the ladies who dance are utterly good for nothing, but seemed rather pleased to see so much vice.

Such jewelry as we saw yesterday morning! A native was sent by one of the gentlemen to show us some really good native jewelry. There is an ornament called a Surpéche which the rajahs wear in their turbans, but there is seldom such a handsome one as this man had for sale. It was a diamond peacock, holding in his beak a rope of enormous pearls, which passed through an emerald about the size of a dove's egg; then there came the tassel—the top was of immense diamonds, with a hole bored at one end of them, and they were simply drawn together into a sort of rosette, without any setting. Then there came strings of pearls each ending in three large diamonds. These ornaments are often made with discoloured pearls and diamonds with flaws, but this was quite perfect. The man

asked 8,000*l.* for it, but will probably sell it to some native for 6,000*l.* They stick it into their turbans by a gold hook, and the tassel hangs over one ear. We have steamed quietly along to-day, and I have been asleep half the afternoon.

CHAPTER III.

Buxar, Saturday, Nov. 11, 1837.

As we were passing a place called Bullhga this morning, we saw an enormous concourse of natives, and it turned out to be a great fair for horses. So we stopped the steamer, and persuaded G. to go on shore, just 'to go to the fair,' as we should have done at home, only we sent all the servants with silver sticks, and took our own tonjauns and two of the body-guard, and went in the state barge and with all the aides-de-camp. In short, we did our little best to be imposing, considering that we have only the steam-boat apparatus to work with; but we had hardly landed when A. came breathless from the other steamer to say that Mr. B. and Mr. C. were both half mad at the idea of a Governor-General going on shore in this way, and that C. was actually dancing about the deck with rage; and A. wanted us to turn back and give it up. Luckily G. would not be advised to do this. They said we should be

murdered amongst other things, but in my life I never saw such a civil, submissive set of people. Our people and the police of the place walked on first, desiring the crowd to sit down, which they all did instantly, crouching together and making a lane all through the fair. They are civil creatures, and I am very fond of the natives. There were a great many thousands of them and some beautiful costumes; the bazaars were full of trinkets, and pretty shawls and coloured cottons. We went in our tonjauns, and G. walked till he was tired, which is soon done; and A. left us quite satisfied as to our safety and almost persuaded it was a dignified measure. We wanted him to tell C. that he had left G. in one of the 'merry-go-rounds,' of which there were several, but it was not a subject that admitted of levity. —— said the Governor-General should never appear publicly without a regiment, and that there was no precedent for his going to Bullhga fair. I told him we had made a precedent, and that it would be his duty to take the next Governor-General, be he ever so lame or infirm, to this identical fair.

We went this evening to see the Government stud. It was rather fine to see five hundred

young horses rush at once out of their stalls, and all kick each other and then run away; but, barring that little interest, both studs on each side of the river are rather tiresome sights—such ugly places!

Ghazeepore, Sunday, Nov. 12.

We arrived at three. Mr. T., the brother of our late dear T., is the resident here, and lodges us. He had made a ghaut with a flight of steps to his house for our landing, and the 44th regiment, with their band, were drawn up all round his lawn.

There were two women on the landing-place with a petition. They were Hindu *ladies*, and were carried down in covered palanquins, and very much enveloped in veils. They flung themselves on the ground, and laid hold of G., and screamed and sobbed in a horrid way, but without showing their faces, and absolutely howled at last; before they could be carried off. They wanted a pardon for the husband of one of them, who, with his followers, is said to have murdered about half a village full of Mussulmans, and these women say he did not do it, but that the Nazir of that village was his enemy, and did the murders, and then laid it on their party. These little

traits are to give you an insight into the manners and customs of the East, and to open and improve your mind, &c. After we had made our way through all these impediments, we rested for a time, and then went to see the cantonments, and to evening service, which was read by two of the gentlemen remarkably well. Then we came back to a great dinner, and one of the longest I ever assisted at. I quite lost my head at last, and when second course was put down, asked Mr. T. to give me some wine, thinking it was dessert and that we might get up and go.

The dinners certainly are endless, and I do not wonder they think us very rapid at Government House. There is sometimes half an hour between the courses. A Mr. S., the judge, sat on one side of me, and after some discourse the man seemed to know his Kent! and I discovered he was one of the George S.'s of E. Visions of country balls and cricket matches came back. He knew Eden Farm and Penge Common ; in short, I liked him very much, and I think he too was refreshed with the reminiscences of his youth.

Monday, Nov. 13.

G. went in the morning to see the stud. At eleven we received all the station.

In the afternoon we went to see the opium godown, and then F., B., and I went in the band boat along the shore to sketch some of the old buildings, which are very picturesque here.

All the party out of both steamers dined at Mr. T.'s, and moreover a third steamer came up from Calcutta this morning, containing, amongst other passengers, a Mrs. P. and her pretty little daughter, who are great favourites with all our gentlemen, and they dined and went with us to a ball given by the regiment.

There were great doubts whether a ball could be made out, as the want of ladies in the Mofussil makes dancing rather difficult. However, we took a large party, and the ladies we had seen in the morning all assembled and had raised two or three extras. The mess-room was very prettily illuminated, with G.'s arms painted on the floor, and they gave us a grand supper, so it all did very well. I wish you could have seen the dancers. A Mrs. ——, something like Mrs. Glover the actress, only much fatter, with a gown two inches shorter than her petticoat, *bounding* through every quadrille, with her three grown-up sons dancing round her. She is an exemplary mother, and has been a widow many years,

and a grandmother many more, but she never misses a dance!

Tuesday, Nov. 14.

We did not get home last night till half-past one, and were up at seven to go on board, and we had to go smirking and smiling through all that regiment again, with all the other gentlemen to go to the boat with us; but we may have a rest to-day. It certainly is a hard-working life, is not it? I never get 'my natural rest,' as Dandie Dinmont says, in the steamer for noise and on the shore for work.

I wonder how you would be in this state of life. I often try to fancy you. Sometimes I think you would be amused for about five minutes, but generally I opine you would go raving mad! I constantly long to be in an open carriage with four post-horses, alone with G., and that we might drive through a pretty country, and arrive at an inn where nobody could dine with us or ask us to a ball. However, to-morrow we are to get into double state, when we reach our tents, as it is of more importance with the up-country natives; so it is of no use to think of bettering ourselves.

Camp, Benares, Wednesday, Nov. 15.

We arrived at Benares at ten, *lay to* all through the heat of the day, whilst the servants unloaded the flat, and then steamed up within view of the city, as far as the rajah's country-house, Ramnuggur, and then dropped down again, thereby seeing the whole of the city. The glare was horrible, but the buildings were worth all the blindness that ensued. Such minarets and mosques, rising one above the other to an immense height, and the stone is such a beautiful colour. The ghauts covered with natives, and great white colossal figures of Vishnu lying on the steps of each ghaut. Benares is one of their most sacred places, and they seem to spare no expense in their temples. We mean to keep our steamer here, and to go out sketching in it. But it would take a whole week to draw one temple perfectly; the ghaut where we landed was as pretty a sight as any. All our elephants, two or three hundred baggage camels (they are much larger beasts to *live with* than I thought), bullock carts without end, and everybody loading every conveyance with everything. There are twenty *shooter suwars* (I have not an idea how I ought to spell those words), but they are native soldiers

mounted on swift camels, very much *trapped*, and two of them always ride before our carriage. This looks more like the 'land of the east,' in all its ways, than anything we have seen.

We landed at five, and drove four miles through immense crowds and much dust to our camp. The first evening of tents, I must say, was more uncomfortable than I had ever fancied. Everybody kept saying, 'What a magnificent camp!' and I thought I never had seen such squalid, melancholy discomfort. G., F., and I have three private tents, and a fourth, to make up the square, for our sitting-room, and great covered passages, leading from one tent to the other.

Each tent is divided into bed-room, dressing-room, and sitting-room. They have covered us up in every direction, just as if we were native women; and, besides that, there is a wall of red cloth, eight feet high, drawn all round our enclosure, so that, even on going out of the tent, we see nothing but a crimson wall.

Inside each tent were our beds—one leaf of a dining-table and three cane chairs. Our pit-tarrahs and the camel-trunks were brought in; and in about half an hour, the Nazir came to

say they must all, with our books, dressing-cases, &c., be carried off to be put under the care of a sentry, as nothing is safe in a tent from the decoits; so, if there were anything to arrange, there would be no use in arranging it, as it must all be moved at dusk. The canvas flops about, and it was very chilly in the night, though that is the only part I do not object to, as when we get our curtains that will be merely bracing; but it feels *open-airish* and unsafe. They say everybody begins by hating their tents and ends by loving them, but at present I am much prepossessed in favour of a house. Opposite to our private tents is the great dining-tent, and the durbar tent, which is less shut up, and will be less melancholy to live in. God bless you, dearest! When I am tired, or *tented*, or hot, or cold, and generally when I am in India, I have at least the comfort of always sitting down to tell you all about it, and 'There is no harm in *that*,' as the man says in 'Zohrab.'

CHAPTER IV.

Camp, Benares, Wednesday, Nov. 22, 1837.

I HAVE been obliged to give up the five last days to other letters, to the manifest disadvantage of my journal, your unspeakable loss, and my own deep regret; but what can be done? It is just possible to do all we have to do—just not impossible to write it down *once*, but quite impossible either to live, or to write it over again; and I have had a large packet of very old English letters since we came here, which set me off answering them.

The *résumé* of our proceedings, since I sent off my journal to you, last Thursday, Nov. 16, is shortly and longly this:—Friday, we went a large party to the town in carriages; when the streets grew too narrow for carriages, we got on elephants; when the elephants stuck fast, we tried tonjauns; and, when the streets contracted still further, we walked; and at last, I suppose, they came to a point, for we came back. We

saw some beautiful old temples, and altogether it was a curious sight. Prout would go mad in a brown outline frenzy on the spot—the buildings are so very beautiful for his style. I forgot to mention that at half-past six on Friday morning we went to a review on horseback. Saturday, we again got up at six, and F. and I went in the open carriage to sketch a tempting mosque. At eleven we received many more visitors than the tent would hold—the aides-de-camp could hardly come in with them.

G. held a durbar in the afternoon, at which seventy of the native nobility appeared. The Rajah of Benares came with a very magnificent surwarree of elephants and camels. He is immensely rich, and has succeeded an uncle who adopted him, to the great discomfiture of his father, who goes about with him in the capacity of a discontented subject. We had thirty-six people at dinner. Sunday, we went to church, and underwent the worst reading and preaching I ever heard from Mr. ——, who in general preaches to his clerk; but this time the church was very full, and the congregation were all hoping to hear a little something that might do them good from our dear Y. In the afternoon

G. and I went out on an elephant, and, in an attempt to make a quiet and rural cut home, nearly drowned one of our outriding camels and his rider; so we came home, much ashamed of ourselves, by the common dusty road. Monday, we got up early, and set off at seven, to pay a visit to the old Delhee Begum. The particulars I narrated with wonderful accuracy, bordering on tediousness, to M., and I am confident you would not wish me to repeat them.

G. positively declared against any more dust or any more drives, so we stuck to the tents in the afternoon. He cannot endure his tent, or the camp life altogether, and it certainly is very much opposed to all his habits of business and regularity.

On Monday evening we went to the ball again, given to us by the station. They have a theatre here, and had boarded over the pit, and by leaving some forest scenery standing on the stage, with our band playing from under the pasteboard trees, they made out a very pretty ball-room, much the best we have seen in 'the Mofussil,' and there were plenty of ladies, old and young, who seemed to be very glad of a dance. We got home at one.

There! W. has heard that Mr. G. has proposed. I am so glad; for Miss H. has left in England everybody that cared for her. I know that she has long liked Mr. G. I feel, too, that it is a triumph for our camp that at our very first station we should have married off our only young lady.

Yesterday we had a grand expedition, which I am going to give you and the children, once for all, at great length, and then you will for the future take it for granted that all native fêtes are much alike.

The Rajah of Benares asked us to come to his country-house, called Ramnuggur (how it is spelt, I cannot say; probably with none of those letters). It is on the other side of the Ganges. We drove down to the river-side through a dense cloud of dust. I asked one of our servants to *dust* me gently with my pocket-handkerchief, and without any exaggeration a thick cloud came out of my cape.

Mrs. C.'s black bonnet was of a light brown colour.

We found the rajah's boats waiting for us. A silver armchair and footstool for his lordship in the prow, which was decorated with silvered

peacocks, and a sort of red embroidered tent for '*his women*' where we placed ourselves, though there was another boat with two inferior silver chairs for F. and me. All these things are grandly imagined, but with the silver chairs there are boatmen in dirty liveries or no liveries at all!—and it is all *discrepant*, or generally so.

This rajah is immensely rich; he had a great many handsome things. I enclose a sketch to illustrate for the children 'their dear devoted creature,' G., first in the silver tonjaun which took him down to the boat, then in the other state silver tonjaun that took him up from the ghaut, and then a back view of him on his elephant. I often wonder whether it really can be G., the original simple, quiet one. He does it very well, but detests great part of the ceremonies, particularly *embracing* the rajahs!

The rajah met us at the ghaut, and we were all carried off to the elephants, and got on them to go and see his garden, though it was nearly dusk. But the first sight was very striking.

Eighteen elephants and crowds of attendants, and then crowds as far as we could see of natives going on 'Wah! Wah! Hi Lord Sahib.' We rode about, till it was quite dark, and then the rajah

proposed we should return; and when we came to the turn of the road, the whole of the village and his castle, which is an enormous building, was illuminated. Wherever there was a straight line, or a window, or an arch, there was a row of little bright lamps; every cross of the lattices in every window had its little lamp. It was the *largest* illumination I ever saw. We went on the elephants through the great gateway, in a Timour the Tartar fashion, into the court. Such torches and spearmen and drums and crowds, like a melodrama magnified by a solar microscope; it was the sort of scene where Ellen Tree would have snatched up a doll from under Farley's sword, and said, 'My boy, my boy, my rescued Agib!' or words to that effect, while the curtain fell slowly. We got off at the door of an immense hall, a sort of court, and the rajah's servants spread a path of scarlet and gold kincob from the door to the seat at the farthest end, for us to walk on. Considering that it is a pound a yard, and that I have been bargaining for a week for enough for a wadded *douillette* and was beat out of it, it was a pity to trample on it, and it led to a catastrophe, as you will see if you read on. The rajah put us three on a

velvet sofa, with a gold gauze carpet before it. He sat on one side of us and his father on the other, and Mr. B. and Mr. C. on each side to interpret, and then the aides-de-camp and the other ladies; and then the nautch-girls began dancing. He had provided an immense troop of them, and they were covered with jewels and dressed in gold brocades, some purple and some red, with long floating scarfs of gold gauze. Most of them ugly, but one was I think the prettiest creature I ever saw and the most graceful. If I have time I will send a little coloured sketch of her, just to show the effect of her dress. She and another girl danced slowly round with their full draperies floating round them, without stopping, for a quarter of an hour, during all which time they were making flowers out of some coloured scarfs they wore, and when they had finished a bunch they came and presented it to us with such graceful Eastern genuflexions. The whole thing was like a dream, it was so curious and unnatural. Then the Ranee sent for us, and F. and I set off in tonjauns for the women's apartments, with the ladies who were with us. They carried us through a great many courts, and then the rajah gave me his cold, flabby little hand, and

handed us up some narrow, dirty stairs, and came in with us behind the purdah and introduced us to the Ranee his mother, who was very splendidly dressed, and to some of his sisters, who were ugly. Then they asked us to go and see an old grandmother, and the Ranee laid hold of my hand, and one of the sisters took F., and they led us along an immense court on the roof, to the old lady, who is blind and very ill; but they had dressed her up for us, and we had to kiss her, which was not very nice. There was another immense nautch provided, which we had not time to look at. We gave our rings, and they brought the trays of presents which are usually given, a diamond ring and drops for earrings, two necklaces (very trashy), some beautiful shawls and kincobs, and some muslin; then they put immense skipping-ropes of silver braid, bigger than a common boa, round our necks, and small ones on the other ladies, and then poured attar of roses on our hands, and we left the old lady. When we came back to the Ranee's room, she showed us her little *chapel*, close to her sofa, where there were quantities of horrid-looking idols—Vishnu, and so on. Several native girls were introduced to us, but only one who was

pretty, and who has just been betrothed to the father of the rajah. The young Ranees, or whatever they are called, are very shy, and stand with their eyes closed, but the older ones had great fun when we were going away in pouring the attar over our gowns, and utterly spoiled mine, which was silk: next time I shall go in muslin. When we came down, the trays for G. were brought in; they covered what would be called a very large room, and some of the gold stuffs have turned out to be very beautiful. It is a stupid etiquette, that we are not to appear to see these presents. It is a *tribute*, and the superior is to be too grand to see what the inferior offers. When that was done, we went to the illumination, which was done on a very large scale, but not so neatly as at home; then to the boat, where the rajah accompanied us, and there was a second illumination on the river, much more beautiful than the first—and the blue lights, and the crowds, and the great pile of buildings made a grand show. We got back at eleven, very tired and starving hungry, but it was a curious sight and much to be remembered. There! now you have borne all that so well, you shall not have any more of it, though probably we shall have more

than enough. The kincob catastrophe was, that some of our servants were so over-tempted by it, that without the slightest respect for time or place, the instant we had walked over it they snatched it up and carried it off. It would have been sent to them to-morrow from the rajah, but it was a shameful thing to do; and as the Government House servants fancy they may oppress any and everybody during their journeys, Captain J. assembled all who went with us, and the chief culprits were picked out and discharged. There are five victims, but luckily only one who is a very old servant. It is a great bore, as we have brought them a great way from their homes, and it is difficult to replace them here.

CHAPTER V.

Mohun ke Serai.

We made our first march. The bugle sounds at half-past five to wake us, though the camels perform that ceremony rather earlier, and we set off at six as the clock strikes, for as nobody is allowed to precede the Governor-General, it would be hard upon the camp if we were inexact. The comfort of that rule is inexpressible, as we escape all dust that way. G. and F., with Captain N. and Captain M., went in the carriage towards Chumar, and I went with Captain J., Captain D., and W. the regular route, each on our elephant half way, and the other half on horseback.

It is very pleasant and cool at that time, really nice weather, and we had a short march—only seven miles and a half. It seems somehow wicked to move 12,000 people with their tents, elephants, camels, horses, trunks, &c., for so little, but there is no help for it. There were a great many robberies in the camp last night. Mrs. A.

saw a man on his hands and knees creeping through her tent, but she called out, and he ran away without taking anything. Mr. B. says, when he and his wife were encamped last year on this spot, which is famous for thieves, they lost everything, even the shawl that was on the bed, and the clothes Mrs. B. had left out for the morning wear, and he had to sew her up in a blanket, and drive her to Benares for fresh things. W. and I went out on the elephant in search of a sketch in the afternoon, and G. and F. came back to dinner very much pleased with their expedition. Those unfortunate men who were parted with yesterday have plagued my heart out all day. Of course, Captain J.'s soft heart was melted early in the morning, and he came to beg to have them back again, but he owns it was a shocking atrocity according to the customs of the country, and if we were too easy about it, of course it would be said that G. despised and affronted the native princes, and even that our servants would think so; but still it was difficult to be firm. There is something so very imploring in these people. Three times they contrived to get into my tent with their relations, and some of the old servants to help them,

and they cry, and lay hold of one's feet, and somehow it seems so odd not to forgive anybody who wishes it even less humbly than they do.

My jemadar was interpreting for them, with tears rolling down all the time, and it shocked me when he said: 'They say that they have followed lordship and ladyship great way from their own homes; they made one fault, one very bad one, but God Almighty even forgive everybody once, else what become of us all?' I could not help thinking of the 'seventy times seven,' and if we were forgiven only once, what, as he says, would become of us? However, I pacified them to a certain degree, by giving them money enough to take them back to Calcutta, and explained that if it had been any offence against our customs we should have overlooked it directly, but as it was a great disrespect to one of their own princes we could not, out of regard to their own country, forgive it, and any compliment to India goes a great way. My men told me afterwards, that it was very true one native would tell the other that the rajah had been ill-treated, and that they would say *this* Governor lets even his servants hurt the people. W. said the Sepoys

were all talking it over, and were glad the men were punished.

Tamarhabad, Friday, Nov. 24.

We marched ten miles to-day. These moves are the most amusing part of the journey; besides the odd native groups, our friends catch us up in their *déshabillé*—Mrs. A. carrying the baby in an open carriage; Mrs. C. with hers fast asleep in a tonjaun; Miss H. on the top of an elephant, pacifying the big boy of the A.'s; Captain D. riding on in a suit of dust-coloured canvas, with a coal-heaver's hat, going as hard as he can, to see that the tent is ready for his wife; Mrs. B. carrying Mr. B.'s pet cat in her palanquin carriage, with her ayah opposite guarding the parroquet from the cat. Then Giles comes bounding by, in fact, run away with, but apologises for passing us when we arrive, by saying he was going on to take care that tea was ready for us. Then we overtake Captain D.'s dogs, all walking with red great coats on—our dogs all wear coats in the morning; then Chance's servant stalking along, with a great stick in one hand, a shawl draped over his livery, and Chance's nose peeping from under the shawl. F.'s pets travel in her cart We

each have a cart, but I can never find anything to put in mine. There are fakeers who always belong to a camp, and beat their drums just by the first tent, and the instant this drum is heard, everybody thinks of their breakfast and hurries on; and the Sepoys and servants are so glad to get to the end of the march, that they throw the fakeer a cowrie, or some infinitely small coin, by which he lives.

Mr. A. came over yesterday evening. They brought Mr. G. as far as Chroppra, his station, and he is to follow us to Allahabad, when the wedding will take place.

Goofrein, Sunday, Nov. 26.

We came another ten miles yesterday, and always halt on Sunday. All these places are so exactly like each other—a mere sandy plain with a tank and a little mosque near at hand—that I never can make out why they have any names; there is nothing to give a name to. The Rajah of Benares marches with us till we come to his frontier, and he always encamps within half a mile of us. He expressed a wish yesterday to see our horses, so Captain M., who takes charge of the stables, went himself this morning with all the whole concern. There are sixty horses

altogether in our stables, as the aides-de-camp keep theirs with ours, and the syces are all dressed alike; so it made a very good show, and there were 140 elephants. Captain M. and the rajah sat on two ivory chairs, in front of the rajah's tent, and the horses and carriages and elephants were all led round, and he asked the name of every animal, and which each of us rode, and any that he admired he had brought round a second time. It is one of the few civilities that amuse a native, so we were glad it answered so well. Soon after the horses returned, the nazir and three or four of the native servants came into my tent in great perturbation; the rajah had sent the nazir a pair of shawls, one shawl to the elephant jemadar, and another to G.'s mahout, and 300 rupees in little bags for the syces and elephant coolies. And after the fuss that was made a few days ago, about the servants taking no presents, the nazir clearly thought he was in danger of losing his place for having one offered to him. 'My shawls are a present, therefore, I fear,' he said in his most timid tone. I sent for Mr. B., who said there was no doubt that, as it was a private civility from the Governor General to the

rajah, sending his own horses, &c. &c., that the servants might keep their presents. I never saw people so happy as they were. Mr. Y. read and preached so well to-day: it was the first Sunday in tents, and the largest one was very well arranged, like a chapel. We had a larger congregation than I expected, nearly sixty; amongst them some old European soldiers, who looked very respectable. It was odd and rather awful to think that sixty Christians should be worshipping God in this desert, which is not their home, and that 12,000 false worshippers should be standing round under the orders of these few Christians on every point, except the only one that is of any importance; the idolaters, too, being in their own land, and with millions within reach, who all despise and detest our faith.

Tuesday, Nov. 28.

Yesterday we made an expedition to Mirzapore, the great carpet manufactory. We left the camp at a quarter before six, by torchlight, and went nine miles across the country to Mirzapore, leaving the camp to pursue its own straight road. We found the usual assortment of magistrates, judges, collectors, &c. &c., with boats, carriages, and tonjauns: crossed the river: landed G., who

went off to see the jail and manufactories. We stuck to the boat to draw a most beautiful ghaut, a mass of temples, and carving. When that was done, we went to see the house of a rich native, every inch of which is painted in arabesques, all done by native artists, and very curious. Then we saw the town, and then went to the house of Mr. K., the magistrate, where there was all the society of the place—thirty gentlemen and one lady—and we got some breakfast at ten, when we were on the point of perishing. The excellent Mr. K., like an upright judge as he is, had made out a dressing-room with two sofas and books, and every comfort for F. and me. Major L. was at luncheon: he is the man who has taken most of the Thugs, and he told me such horrid stories of them. The temple at which they dedicate themselves to the goddess of destruction is in this town. The Thugs offer human sacrifices there whenever they can procure them. We left Mirzapore at four, and overtook our camp at six. It looked pretty by torchlight. We moved on another ten miles this morning, but, where we are, I cannot precisely tell you. I think it sounds like Gugga Gange; at all events, that is as good as the real word.

CHAPTER VI.

Camp near Allahabad, Nov. 30, 1837.

I SENT off one journal to you two days ago from a place that, it since appears, was called Bheekee. Yesterday we started at half-past five, as it was a twelve miles' march, and the troops complain if they do not get in before the sun grows hot, so we had half an hour's drive in the dark, and F. rode the last half of the way. I came on in the carriage, as I did not feel well, and one is sick and chilly naturally before breakfast. Not but that I like these morning marches; the weather is so English, and feels so wholesome when one is well. The worst part of a march is the necessity of everybody, sick or well, dead or dying, pushing on with the others. Luckily there is every possible arrangement made for it. There are beds on poles for sick servants and palanquins for us, which are nothing but beds in boxes. I have lent mine to Mrs. C. G. and I went on an elephant

through rather a pretty little village in the evening, and he was less bored than usual, but I never saw him hate anything so much as he does this camp life. I have long named my tent 'Misery Hall.' F. said it was very odd, as everybody observed her tent was like a fairy palace.

'Mine is not exactly that,' G. said; 'indeed I call it Foully Palace, it is so very squalid-looking.' He was sitting in my tent in the evening, and when the purdahs are all down, all the outlets to the tents are so alike that he could not find which *crevice* led to his abode; and he said at last, 'Well! it is a hard case; they talk of the luxury in which the Governor General travels, but I cannot even find a covered passage from Misery Hall to Foully Palace.'

This morning we are on the opposite bank of the river to Allahabad, almost a mile from it. It will take three days to pass the whole camp. Most of the horses and the body-guard are gone to-day, and have got safely over. The elephants swim for themselves, but all the camels, which amount now to about 850, have to be passed in boats: there are hundreds of horses and bullocks, and 12,000 people.

I am sure it would have done Mrs. Trimmer's

heart good to see them all on the beach this evening. I thought of her print of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea—a skimpy representation, but it was the first idea we had of that event. The picture at Stafford House enlarged my notions, and now I think I have come to the real thing, and indeed am a Red Sea Israelite myself.

Allahabad, Dec. 2.

We crossed the river at seven yesterday morning. The Ganges and Jumna join each other here, and this junction makes the water so uncommonly precious and sacred, that Hindus come here from all parts of the country on pilgrimage. The rich Hindus at a great distance buy the water, and we met strings of pilgrims yesterday carrying jars of it, with which they will travel farther south than Calcutta.

We were met at the ghaut by a large collection of residents. I hate a great station, and Allahabad has a very modern, uninteresting, sandy look about it.

Foully Palace looked particularly unhappy this morning. G.'s furniture, somehow, was deluged, and his whole stock of comfort amounted to one cane chair and a table, and he

called us all in to see his eastern luxury. I handsomely offered to lend him the arm-chair Mr. D. gave me, and which is so continually my companion, 'my goods, my chattels, my household stuff,' that I had no doubt it was in 'Misery Hall.' I told my little Ameer to give it to the Lord Sahib, but he told me afterwards, 'Ladyship's chair in river too, but me find arm-chair in other tent, and me put Lord Sahib in it.' I think I see him fixing G. in his chair. Mine is quite safe, I am happy to say.

In the afternoon G. and I, and a Mr. B., rather a clever man, went to see some tombs about three miles off. You know the sort of people who have tombs worth seeing—'Shah Houssein,' or 'Nour Jehan,' or words to that effect.

However, the tombs were there, and F. and I stayed there sketching till it was quite dusk, and kept the carriage, and G. and Mr. B. and Captain M. rode home such a round-about way that dinner was cold before they got back.

Monday, Dec. 4.

We had church in camp again yesterday. We received visitors on Saturday evening instead of

the morning, by way of an experiment, and it answered much better. It all comes more in the natural way of work than in the heat of the day, and we had the band, and tea, and negus, and sandwiches. It was a regular party, much larger than I expected; the great durbar tent was quite full, and they are a more *fashioned*-looking set here. By coming in the evening G. sees them, which they prefer, and which, strange to say, he likes too. We have thirty-five of them at dinner to-day, and thirty-seven to-morrow. On Thursday they give us a ball, and on Saturday we depart.

Lucknow and Agra were to have been the two incidents of the journey that were to make up for the bore of all the rest. Lucknow has been cut off, because the King cannot meet the Governor General, and B. cannot reconcile himself to such a breach of etiquette, the poor old man being bed-ridden. Agra, they say, is in a state of famine and scarcity. If so, of course it would be very wrong to take our great camp there. So we shall not see the Taj—the only thing that, all Indians say, is worth looking at.

Here there is a sort of Dowager Queen of the

Gwalior country; her style and title being 'the Baiza Baee.' She is very clever, has been handsome, and, some say, is beautiful still. She cannot endure being only a Dowager Baiza Baee, and being immensely rich, she has been suspected of carrying on intrigues amongst her former subjects. She has always been visited by all great potentates, but B. chose to say that neither G. nor we should go to see her. She took this dreadfully to heart, and has been sending ambassadors and letters and presents without end, and asserted that she would be disgraced for ever if she were so slighted. Then B. went to see her himself, and was either talked over, or was ashamed of always putting spokes in everybody's wheel; he is a spoke himself and nothing else. Now he wants G. to go: however, he cannot get out of his lordship's head what he has put into it, and G. will not go, but is going to send us—just the very thing *Spoke* wanted to prevent.

I am so glad, though it is a great deal of trouble to us; but I am glad out of spite.

Tuesday, Dec. 5.

Our great dinner yesterday went off very well. For the first time since we left Calcutta, indeed almost since we left England, I made

yesterday a nice little solitary expedition. G. was gone to the native schools and jails, and F. and W. were out riding. I always have more or less of a headache the day that English letters arrive; they put me in a fuss, even if they are all right; so I thought it would be very nice to escape all companions except Chance, and I told my jemadar to have the tonjaun at the wrong side of the tent, stepped into it, and made them carry me three miles off in search of a very eligible flame-coloured idol, which I had marked down as a good sketch the day we landed. The bearers carry one very fast for that sort of distance, and Chance runs along by the chair in a very satisfactory manner. I am afraid the jemadar thought it an improper and undignified proceeding, for he fetched out every servant I have of the walking character, seventeen scarlet men in all; and the poor hirkarus, who have sat cross-legged for the last two years, ran on first as hard as they could, screaming to everybody to get out of the way. Chance thought it excellent fun and barked all the time. We passed by the camp of the Nawâb of Banda, who is come to visit G., and has a camp as large as ours, with such strange-looking painted horses pawing about it.

I found my idol, made a lovely coloured sketch with quantities of Venetian red, and got back just as it grew dark.

The country about here is hideous, and I cannot imagine why the residents like it. It is very like Calcutta, without the bright green grass, or the advantages of a town, ships, shops, &c.

I went in the morning, with Captain M., to see a native female school, which some of the ladies wanted me to see. I have not the least esteem for them (the schools, not the ladies). The natives take the little girls away from them as soon as they are betrothed—at seven or eight years old—and, even till that age, the children will not come unless they are paid for it. After that time nothing more is seen or known of them, and there has never been an instance of conversion; so there is something in their reading the Bible just as they would any story book; that is rather wrong than right, I think. These children seemed to read it more fluently than any I have heard, and the schoolmistress spoke Hindustani exactly like a native, and probably asked very good questions.

The children looked very poor; and luckily half the ceiling of the school fell down while I

was there, owing to the successful labours of the white ants, which gave the ladies an opportunity of observing that their funds were in a very bad state. All these sights are very expensive, and I never know exactly what is expected from us. I gave 15*l.* for all three of us, but it is a very odd system of the *good* people here, that they never acknowledge any donation. It is supposed to be a gift from Providence; so, whether it is satisfactory to them, or not, remains a mystery.

CHAPTER VII.

Thursday, Dec. 7, 1837.

We had our wedding yesterday morning; the tent made up into a very good chapel. Miss H. was very nicely dressed, and looked very well. Mr. G. was uncommonly happy.

Mr. Y. always puts me in mind of R. He could not build up an altar to his mind, and was prancing up and down the tent, just in one of R.'s ways.

He treated with immense scorn an idea of mine, to try the state housings of the elephant, which are scarlet, embroidered all over in gold; but I sent for them, and you can't imagine what a fine altar we made, with four arm-chairs for railings, and some carpets and velvet cushions in front. It was quite picturesque, only we were obliged to forewarn Mr. G. that neither he nor H. were to faint away *towards* the altar, because it would then all come down with a crash. She cried less than I expected; but

indeed her spirits were very much kept up by a beautiful shawl G. gave her.

We had a quiet dinner yesterday. Most of the camp dine at a great wedding dinner given by a relation of the A.'s.

The young prince, Henry of Orange, is at Calcutta, and we heard this morning that he has settled to come up dâk (or travelling day and night in a palanquin) and join us. He will overtake us about Tuesday or Wednesday, between this and Cawnpore.

G. cannot stop here for him, but we leave Captain M. behind to bring him on, and he brings up an extra aide-de-camp from Calcutta.

We are going to put Giles at the head of his establishment, and are organising tiger hunts, &c., on the road for him. I am very glad he is coming. His father wrote such a pretty letter to G. about him, and it will be easy to amuse a boy in a camp.

St. Cloup* is in ecstasies at the Prince's arrival. He was cook to the Prince of Orange at the Hague, and knew this boy as a child—'un jeune homme charmant!—toujours le chapeau à la main—si poli, si gentil! Allons, madame, je vais

* The Governor-General's cook.

parler au khansamah ; nous allons faire bonne chère. Il ne se plaindra pas de son diner, Dieu merci!'

B. is defeated with great loss, and we are going to see the Baiza Baee to-morrow. A Mrs. ——, her great friend, has been here this morning, in the first place to bring Chance a pair of gold bangles and a pair of silver bangles that were made for him by a young officer, who saw him at Barrackpore, and who left them to be offered to Chance on his progress. You never saw such a good figure as he is, and he walks just as the native women do, when their ankles are covered with bangles.

Then Mrs. —— came to say that the Baiza Baee had asked her to come and interpret for us, which will be a great comfort. She says the Baiza Baee had said to her, 'I want to give the Miss Edens a native ball and supper. I think I had better buy a house large enough.' She stopped that; and now, to save us five miles of dusty road, the Baee is to come down to her private tents, which are pitched only a mile off.

Saturday, Dec. 9.

We had our ball on Thursday—a particularly sleepy one—perhaps my fault, for I could not

keep my eyes open; but the dancing seemed sleepy, considering the degree of practice the dancers must have had.

There was an old Mrs. ——, with hair perfectly white, and a nice mob cap over it, who bounded through every quadrille with some spirit, but most of the young people were very languid. We had a great deal of health-drinking and *speechifying*; but as they understood we liked early hours, they ordered supper at eleven, and after supper, fortunately, my nose began to bleed, which was an excellent excuse for coming away.

Everybody else is much the better for marching. F. is in a state of health and activity perfectly unequalled, and with a really good colour. G. detests his tent and his march, and the whole business so actively, that he will not perceive how well he is. I never shall think a tent comfortable, but I do not hate it so much as G. does, from the dawdlingness of the life; and I would go through much more discomfort for the sake of the coolness of the mornings.

We paid our visit to the Baiza Baee yesterday. The young princess came to fetch us, but as we could not insure our tent being so completely

private as they ought to be, B. asked her, through the curtains of her palanquin, not to get out, and said that we would follow her immediately. So we set off in one carriage, and W. and three other aides-de-camp in the other, and quantities of servants and guards, and her palanquin was carried by the side of our carriage, with six of her ayahs running by it, and a Mahratta *horsewoman*, all over jewels, riding behind, and hundreds of wild-looking horsemen in such picturesque dresses, galloping backwards and forwards, and the princess's uncle, on an elephant, whom they had painted bright green and blue, and who went at a full trot, much, I should think, to the detriment of 'my uncle's' bones. It was an odd wild-looking procession, quite unlike anything we have seen yet. The visit to the Baee was very like any other native visit.

She is a clever-looking little old woman, with remains of beauty. She covered us with jewels, chiefly pearls and emeralds, and there were fifteen trays a-piece, for F. and me, filled with beautiful shawls, gauzes, etc.—you never saw such treasures. However, the astucious old lady was fully aware that they all went to the Com-

pany, and after we came away was persuaded by Mr. B. to retain them; but she told us confidentially and iniquitously that the jewels had been specially prepared for us, and inferior articles of the same kind would be sent with the list that is always given to Mr. B., so that he could make no claim on these. We laughed, and assured her that was not the usual English custom, and she took them all back again very willingly, except two little rings, which we kept in exchange for ours. Mine was made of pearls in the shape of a mitre, and it looked so handsome on Chance's tail that W. wanted to apply to B. to know if he would not waive the rights of the Company just in favour of that ring and that tail!

Mooftee-ka-Poorwah, Sunday, Dec. 10.

Yesterday they made a mistake in the time, and called us at half-past four, which gave us an hour's drive in the dark, over a very bad road, and an hour to wait for breakfast. I never did see so hideous a country, and this is a very ugly station. 'Foully Palace' looks particularly striking, as the dust has actually dyed the tents brown, and G.'s disgust is turning him yellow.

He is longing to go back to Calcutta. The

weather has grown so much cooler and pleasanter, I cannot agree with him.

Koosseah, Monday, Dec. 11.

We had a sixteen miles' march, quite as much as the servants and troops could manage, and we were above three hours coming in the carriage.

G. and F. rode the last five miles. We are encamped under trees, and it looks prettier. The King of Oude has sent his cook to accompany us for the next month, and yesterday, when our dinner was set out, his khansamah and kitmutgars arrived with a second dinner, which they put down by the side of the other, and the same at breakfast this morning. Some of the dishes are very good, though too strongly spiced and perfumed for English tastes. They make up some dishes with assafœtida! but we stick to the rice and pilaus and curries. St. Cloup is so cross about them.

The king has also sent greyhounds and huntsmen, and a great many beautiful hawks, and we are going out hunting this afternoon if the elephants are rested after their long march. To-morrow, F. and I mean to strike off from

the camp to a place called Kurrah, where there are some beautiful tombs, and we shall have a tent there, with breakfast and luncheon. It is three miles from the camp, and all our cool light time would be lost if we went there and back from the camp.

Kistoghur, Wednesday, Dec. 13.

Our hunting expedition was on a grand scale, huntsmen and spearmen and falconers in profusion, and twelve elephants, and five miles of open country, and the result was, that we killed one innocent and unsuspecting black crow, and two tame paddy birds, which one of the falconers quietly turned out. But it was a grand sight, and I have made a rare sketch of some of the people.

F. and I went off to Kurrah yesterday morning, and found three tents pitched opposite to a beautiful tomb. G. and Captain N. left us after they had seen two or three ruins, and we stayed out sketching with P. and M. till breakfast-time. The sketching mania is spreading luckily, for as these young gentlemen must go with us, it will be a great blessing both for themselves and us if they can draw too. P. has set up a book, and seems to draw well. These little quiet

encampments are very pleasant, after the great dusty camp.

W. had meant to shoot at Kurrah; he always goes on the day before, as he hates getting up early and likes living alone; but there was some mistake about his tent last night, and when he arrived with a tired horse over a cross-road, there was nothing but his bed, and no tent, and all the servants sleeping round a large fire. The servants said, 'O. Sahib went away very impassionate.'

We went on our elephants at four, to see the fort, an old ruin, on a real, steep rock, with a great bird's-eye view of the Oude country. Certainly a hill is a valuable article. We then joined the camp, through four miles of old temples and tombs, and the ground about as uneven as that at Eastcombe. Altogether Kurrah answered to us.

We had rather a large dinner afterwards.

Futtehpore, Dec. 15.

Yesterday we were at a very dull place, Thurriah by name, and were not even tempted to ride out of the camp. The band plays in the afternoon, between five and six, which I established, because

at dinner it is impossible to listen comfortably, and it really plays so beautifully, it is a pity not to hear it.

All the party walk up and down what we call High Street in front of our tents. The Y.s with their two children, he taking a race with his boy, and then helping to pack a camel. The 'vicarage' is always the tent that is first struck. The A.s slink off down A-alley, at the back of their tent, because in her present state of figure she is ashamed to be seen; the C.s take an elephant. Colonel P. walks up and down waiting to help Mrs. R. off her horse, and wishing she would not ride with her husband.

Mrs. L. toddles about with her small child, and L. always makes some excuse for not walking with 'Carry dear.' The officers of the escort and their wives all pursue their domestic walks; the aides-de-camp and doctor get their newspapers and hookahs in a cluster on their side of the street. W. has his hookah in front of his tent, and F. sits with him, and they feed his dogs and elephants. G. and I and Chance, sit in front of my tent. Altogether it is a public sort of meeting, in which everybody understands that they

are doing their domestic felicity, and nobody takes the slightest notice of anybody else.

Futtehpore, Dec. 16.

The Prince of Orange arrived at two yesterday. He is a fair, quiet-looking boy, and is very shy and very silent. He did not seem the least tired with ten days and nights of palanquin. We sent the carriage to meet him some miles off, with some luncheon. G. pressed him to try a warm bath, and five minutes after, saw his own cherished green tub carried over.

'I really can't stand that,' he said, 'if he keeps my tub, there must be war with Holland immediately. I shall take Batavia, and tell the guns at Fort William to fire on the Bellona at once.'

We all went out on elephants in the afternoon; Captain A. (the Dutch captain and tutor), and Captain C., and all. The prince came on my elephant; and we saw some beautiful mosques and ruins. Also, there are twenty native chiefs encamped about, who had come from a great distance to meet G.; so there were quantities of strange sights for our guest.

We march again on Monday, and I believe that F. and I shall go to Lucknow the week after next, from Cawnpore.

This must go.

CHAPTER VIII.

Maharajpore, Wednesday, Dec. 20, 1837.

I HAVE let three or four days slip by since my last immense journal started from Futtehpore.

I had such a number of letters to answer in other directions, and then our young prince takes up much of my time, as everything here is new to him, and he seems surprised at the horses, camels, and elephants, &c. He is continually asking if the carriage will not be overturned, which is not an unnatural question, for the roads are so bad, the wonder is that it does not overturn constantly, but a sailor would be able to jump out, and I dare say at his age he would rather like the carriage to be upset.

The gentlemen all went off on a shooting expedition yesterday to Serajapore. F. and I stuck to the camp with great difficulty, for our horses, though we change every five miles, knocked up entirely. The sands are half-way up the wheels occasionally.

G. shot for the first time from an elephant, which is considered very difficult, till people are accustomed to stand on its back, and he killed three hares and three quails. Mr. T. killed the only niel ghâu that was seen, but altogether they were much pleased at having found anything.

Cawnpore, Dec. 21.

The prince was quite bent upon taking a sketch yesterday afternoon, as he saw us all sketching. All our elephants were tired with the long marches we have had the last two days. However, that attentive creature, 'neighbour Oude,' sent us down six new ones this morning, so G. and I got on one, and put B. with the prince on another, P. on another by his side. We discovered a very pretty Hindoo temple, and all set to work sketching.

The prince got off his elephant because he said it shook him so, and he would have made a good picture, sitting in my tonjaun, with crowds of spearmen and bearers all round him. B., who does not draw, in an attitude of resigned bore standing by him, and he, looking like a young George III. on a seven-shilling piece, peering up at the temple, and wondering how he

was to begin. However, it amused him, and he has passed several hours since, touching it up.

This morning we made one of our grand entries into Cawnpore, or rather *on* to it; for there is no particular Cawnpore visible. But we drove over a miniature plain to our tents.

F., G., and all the gentlemen, even to Y., on his fat pony, rode in, and Prince Henry, his captain, P., and I came in the open carriage. We were met by tribes of officers, and there were two regiments of cavalry and two of infantry, and guns and bands, and altogether it was just the sight for a foreigner to see, and they seemed to like it accordingly. But we began by the four young horses in the carriage running restive. They either could not, or would not draw the carriage over a bad pass, so at last I proposed that to save time we should take to our elephants, of which there were luckily several following us.

Cawnpore, Saturday, Dec. 23.

G. had his levée an hour after we arrived, and we had our party the same evening, for this is one of those dreadful large stations where there is not a chance of getting through all our duties if we lose an hour's time.

It was lucky we had the large tent pitched, for there were between 200 and 300 people at our party. Luckily I had thought a dance might be made out, which the Prince of Orange likes, and they had battened the floor of the tent till it was smooth; so the dancing went on very well.

It was the more essential, because, with every chair and sofa assembled from all the other tents, we could not make up a hundred seats, so it was necessary to keep part of the company constantly dancing.

There were two, or three old Calcutta faces, difficult to name, amongst the company, but it was easy to seem glad to see them and to say, 'What, are *you* here?' though I scorned myself for knowing that I had not an idea who '*you*' was. I see it is one of those crowded stations where it is better not to fatigue a failing memory by any attempt at names. Thirty-five of them dined with us yesterday, but I am no wiser and no worse. Yesterday morning we went to a fancy sale, which had been put off for our advantage. We found it extremely difficult to get rid of the necessary sum of money, but by dint of buying frocks and pelisses and caps for all the little

A.s and C.s and Y.s of the camp, it was finally accomplished.

Monday (Christmas-day), Dec. 25.

I must go back to my journal, dearest, but having just come from church, I must begin by wishing you and yours a great many happy Christmasses. This is our third Christmas-day, so, however appearances are against it, time does really roll on. I don't know why, but I am particularly *Indianly* low to-day. There is such a horrid mixture of sights and sounds for Christmas. The servants have hung garlands at the doors of our tents, and (which is very wrong) my soul recoiled when they all assembled, and in their patois wished us, I suppose, a happy Christmas.

Somehow a detestation of the Hindustani language sounding all round us, came over me in a very inexplicable manner.

Then, though nothing could be better than the way in which Mr. Y. performed the service, still it was in a tent, and unnatural, and we were kneeling just where the Prince of Lucknow and his son, and their turbaned attendants, were sitting on Saturday at the durbar, and there was nobody except G. with whom I felt any real

communion of heart and feelings. So, you see, I just cried for you and some others, and I daresay I shall be better after luncheon.

To return to my journal. G. had a hard day's work on Saturday, and so had everybody. We gave a breakfast to the heir-apparent of Lucknow and to sixty people; the utmost number we can accommodate.

Four aides-de-camp went, at seven in the morning, all the way to his camp (five miles) to fetch him. W. and Mr. P. met him half-way; B. again a mile off; and then G., the Prince of Orange, and all the chief officers of station at the end of our street.

Each individual is on an elephant, and the *shock* at the meeting was very amusing. A great many howdahs were broken, and it is a mercy that some of the people were not killed, for the Nawâb scatters money as he goes along, and the natives get under the elephants to find it. G. and the Nawâb embrace on meeting, and the visitor gets into the howdah of the visited, in which friendly fashion they arrived.

F. and I had taken our places in the durbar tent on the left hand of his lordship, and Mrs.

A. and Mrs. B. and Mrs. J. and Mrs. Y. behind us. We could not ask any of the ladies of the station for want of room.

The durbar and the speeches and compliments were all the same as usual, except that this is a real king's son, so that the presents that G. gave were really handsome, and also he is the first native who has eaten with us.

St. Cloup gave us a magnificent breakfast. G. sugared and creamed the Nawâb's tea, and the Nawâb gave him some pilau. Then he put a slice of buttered toast (rather cold and greasy) on one plate for me, and another for F., and B. said in an imposing tone, 'His Royal Highness sends the Burra Lady this, and the Choota Lady that,' and we looked immeasurable gratitude. At the end of breakfast, two hookahs were brought in, that the chiefs might smoke together, and a third for Colonel L., the British resident, that his consequence might be kept up in the eyes of the Lucknowites, by showing that he is allowed to smoke at the Governor-General's table. The old khansamah wisely took care to put no tobacco in G.'s hookah, though it looked very grand and imposing with its snake and

rose-water. G. says he was quite distressed; he could not persuade it to make the right kind of bubbling noise.

After breakfast we went back to the durbar, and the presents were given and dresses of honour to two of his suite, and altogether it was a two hours' business. However, it was really fine sight, though tedious. I got Mr. D. to change places with me, and made an excellent sketch of this immensely fat prince with his pearls and emeralds and gold, and G. by his side. Prince Henry was charmed with the show, and said to Giles, who evidently possesses his confidence, 'I hope the King of Lucknow shall give me presents, because I may keep them; may you keep them, if you get any?' Giles said, 'No; he was the Governor-General's servant, and could not be allowed to keep presents.' 'Oh! say, you are my servant, and then B. cannot touch your presents,' Prince Henry said. Giles told me the story with a grin of delight, and I could only say with Falstaff, 'He is indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. Indeed, able to corrupt a saint.'

CHAPTER IX.

Cawnpore, Dec. 28, 1837.

My journal is in a bad way, actually extinguished by the quantity that I should have to put into it, if there were any writing time left.

Tuesday morning the Prince of Oude returned our breakfast by one at his tents, which were pitched about five miles off. F. and I went in the carriage till the last minute, when we had to get on our elephants, but the other poor wretches had to come jolting along the whole way. The Prince of Oude's tents are very large, and he had asked the whole station, and with his quantity of troops and odd-looking attendants, it was a very curious sight, and he did it in a very gentleman-like way.

The presents were very magnificent. He had had two diamond combs made on purpose for F. and me, mounted in an European fashion. They are worth at least 1500*l.* a-piece, and

what distresses B. is, that they are of no use to give again, as natives can make no use whatever of them; there were also two lovely pairs of earrings, a single uncut emerald drop, with one large diamond at the top, really beautiful stones, not those that are so common here, full of flaws. The trays of shawls were just as usual, but the jewels had been made up on purpose, and the Prince of Oude asked leave to show them to us himself, though it is the general and foolish custom to take no notice of what is given.

This is the first time the presents have excited my cupidity. Not the combs—I am grown too old for a comb; but those emerald earrings! I should like them, should not you? They will be sold probably at Delhi.

Tuesday night the station gave us a ball and supper, and on Wednesday morning at eight W., P., F., and I set off in two buggies, which took us down to a bridge of boats; beyond that we found our elephants, who carried us over three miles of sand utterly impassable for a carriage, and then we came to the palanquin carriage.

Our own twelve horses took us by stages of

five miles to a tent of the King of Oude's, which he had had pitched for us, and where his cook had made a grand luncheon for us. Then three relays of his horses took us on to Lucknow. His postillions were dressed much like our own, and drove very tolerably, but the road was so awfully bad, we were shaken about the carriage most uncomfortably and covered with dust. I felt so like Madame Duval in Evelina, after the Captain had shaken her and rolled her in the ditch. The king sent guards for us all the way, such beautiful figures! all scarlet and green, with brass basons on their heads, and shields and spears. Just as we came to the town, we passed the Prince of Orange. Captain A., Captain K., M., and Giles still in their palanquins, though they had gone off from the ball the night before.

The residence is a fine house, not much furnished, but there is a beautiful view from the window, which is uncommon in this country.

We found Rosina and Myra perfectly miserable. They had arrived with all our goods and all our men-servants two days before, and somehow had been particularly helpless, and had not found out where to get their food. Myra, F.'s

ayah, is a Portuguese, and can eat anything, and dines after our servants; but Rosina, being a Mussulmaunee, can only eat certain things, and they must be cooked in a brass pot called 'a lotah;' and Major B. had told her not to bring her 'lotah,' for at the residence they would find everything cooked by Mussulmauns. So she and Myra had wisely sat and cried, instead of going to the bazaar, and buying what they wanted. However, the instant we came, they were satisfied they would not be murdered or starved, and they proved themselves excellent laidies' maids.

We set off early on Wednesday morning in two of the King's carriages, and saw the tombs of Saadut Ali and his wife. A very fine building, but the wife is not allowed any little tops to the cupola of her tomb, which is mean. Then to 'Constantia,' a sort of castle in a fine jungly park,' built by an old general La Martine, who came out to India a private soldier, and died worth more than a million. I wish we had come out in those days.

He left his house at Constantia to the public. Any European in want of change of air might go with his family and live there for a

month, and beyond the month, unless another family wanted it. This would be a great convenience to the few English in Oude, particularly to poor officers; so of course, for thirty years, the Supreme Court has been doubting whether the will meant what it said it meant, and the house has been going to decay; but it is now decided that people may live there, and it is all to be repaired.

Then we went to Dilkushar, a country palace of the king's, very pretty, and then to a tomb of a former king, where there are silver tigers as large as life, a silver fish, a silver mosque, and all sorts of curiosities, and priests who read the Koran night and day. Then we came home to breakfast and to rest, and the gentlemen went to the prison to see some Thugs.

You have heard about them before, a respectable body of many thousand individuals, who consider it a point of religion to inveigle and murder travellers, which they do so neatly that 'Thuggee' had prospered for 2000 years before it was discovered.

A Captain G. here is one of its great persecutors officially, but by dint of living with Thugs

he has evidently grown rather fond of them, and has acquired a latent taste for strangling. One of the Thugs in the prison told the gentlemen: 'I have killed three hundred people since I began;' and another said, 'I have killed only eighty myself, but my father has done much more.'

Then they acted over amongst themselves a scene of Thuggee. Some of them pretended to be travellers, and the others joined them and flattered them, and asked them to sit down and smoke, and then pointed up to the sun, or a bird, and when the traveller looked up, the noose was round his neck in an instant, and of course, as a *real* traveller, he would have been buried in five minutes.

Then they threw the noose over one of Colonel L.'s surwars who was cantering by, just to show him how they could have strangled him. I think it is a great shame allowing them to repeat their parts, but they really believe they have only done their duty. They say they would not steal from a house, or a tent, but they have a profession of their own, and all these men regret very much that they cannot teach their sons to walk in the right way.

In the afternoon we went to see the Emaunberra and Rooma Durwanee, two of the most magnificent native buildings I have seen yet. About a week of hard sketching would have been really pleasant amongst them, and we had only half an hour. However, we saw a great deal for the time, and we are uncommonly lucky in our weather. It is just right, a sort of spring afternoon; very pleasant.

Friday morning we set off in great state to see Mr. B. (who has come in G.'s place); meet the Prince of Lucknow. It was much the same meeting as that at Cawnpore; but the prince gave us afterwards a breakfast in the palace, which we wanted to see very much, and which was quite as *Arabian-Nightish* as I meant it to be.

The throne is gold, with its canopy and umbrella and pillars covered with cloth of gold, embroidered in pearls and small rubies. Our fat friend the prince was dressed to match his throne. All his brothers, twenty at least, appeared too—rather ill-conditioned young gentlemen; and there were jugglers and nautch-girls and musicians, all working at their vocations during breakfast.

The late king drank himself to death about

six months ago; and then there was a sort of revolution conducted by Colonel L. (who was nearly killed in this palace), by which the present king was placed on the throne; so these are early days for acting royalty. Mr. B. went in to the old king who is nearly bedridden, and he said he was quite affected by the old man. He translated to him G.'s letter, in which G. said how much he had been pleased with his heir-apparent's manner, and the old king looked up, and held out his hand to his son, who rose and salaamed down to the ground three times. Mr. B., who is almost a native in language, and knows them thoroughly, said he was quite touched; it is so seldom natives show any emotion of that kind.

There was a fight of wild beasts after breakfast, elephants, rhinoceroses, rams, &c., but we excused ourselves, as there often are accidents at these fights. The gentlemen all went, and so did Giles, and they were quite delighted, and said we ought to have seen it.

In the afternoon we went to see the king's yacht, which he had decked out for us, and then his garden. Such a place! the only residence I have coveted in India. Don't you remember here

in the 'Arabian Nights,' Zobeide bets her 'garden of delights' against the Caliphs 'palace of pictures.' I am sure this was 'the garden of delights!'

There are four small palaces in it, fitted up in the eastern way, with velvet and gold and marble, with arabesque ceilings, orange-trees and roses in all directions, with quantities of wild parroquets of bright colours glancing about. And in one palace there was an immense bath-room of white marble, the arches intersecting each other in all directions, and the marble inlaid with cornelian and bloodstone; and in every corner of the palace there were little fountains; even during the hot winds, they say, it is cool from the quantity of water playing; and in the verandah there were fifty trays of fruits and flowers laid out for us,—by which the servants profited. It was really a very pretty sight. Then we went to the stud where the horses were displayed; the most curious was a Cutch horse (Cutch is, I opine, the name of a particular district, but I never ask questions, I hate information). He looked as if he had had a saddle of mutton cut out of his back. They said he was very easy to ride, but apt to stumble.

There was to have been a return breakfast to the heir-apparent at Colonel L.'s on Saturday morning, but that would have made our journey back very late; so it was commuted for some fireworks in the evening. We went back to the palace after dinner, or rather to another palace on the river. On the opposite bank there was an illumination in immense letters, 'God save George Lord Auckland, Governor-General of India,' 'God save the King of Oude,' and then there was a full stop, and 'Colonel L., Resident of Lucknow,' stood alone. Whether he was to be *saved* or not was not mentioned; it was not very correctly spelt, but well-meant. My jemadar asked me afterwards, 'Did Ladyship see "God save my Lord?"' I thought it very excellent, very neat. The river was covered with rafts full of fireworks, and the boats in front were loaded with nautch-girls, who dance on, whether they are looked at, or not. The Prince of Orange was charmed with his evening.

CHAPTER X.

Cawnpore, New Year's Day, 1838.

ANOTHER YEAR! You will be nearly half through it, by the time you read this.

I was so obliged to you for those extracts from Charles Lamb. I had seen that about the two hemispheres in some newspaper, and have been longing for the book ever since.

'Boz's Magazine' is disappointing. I wish he would not mix up his great Pickwick name with meaner works. It is odd how long you were writing about Pickwick, and yet I felt all the time that, though we are no judges of fun in this place, that it must be everywhere the cleverest thing that has appeared in our time. I had laughed twenty times at that book. Then there is always a quotation to be had from Pickwick for everything that occurs anywhere.

That Mr. Q., of ——, who has been living with us for a month, and who admires Chance, as a clever demon, but is afraid of him, always

says, if Chance goes near him at desert:—'Bring some cake directly! good old Chance! good little dog! the cake is coming,' so like Pickwick and his 'good old horse.'

We returned from Lucknow on Saturday, with no accident but that of breaking the dicky; which, considering the state of the roads, was marvellous. I never felt such jolting, and it was very hot in the middle of the day; and G., who does not believe in fatigue, had asked five-and-twenty people to dinner.

We parted with the Prince of Orange at Lucknow, which is something saved in point of trouble. He has liked his visit, I fancy, though it did not excite him much.

The dust at Cawnpore has been quite dreadful the last two days. People lose their way on the plains, and everything is full of dust—books, dinner, clothes, everything. We all detest Cawnpore. It is here, too, that we first came into the starving districts. They have had no rain for a year and a half; the cattle all died, and the people are all dying or gone away.

They are employed here by government; every man, woman, or child, who likes to do the semblance of a day's work is paid for it, and there is

a subscription for feeding those who are unable to work at all. But many who come from a great distance die of the first food they touch. There are as many as twenty found dead on the plain in the morning.

Powrah, Thursday, Jan. 4.

We left Cawnpore on Tuesday, and now that we are out of reach of the District Societies, &c., the distress is perfectly dreadful.

You cannot conceive the horrible sights we see, particularly children; perfect skeletons in many cases, their bones through their skin, without a rag of clothing, and utterly unlike human creatures. Our camp luckily does more good than harm. We get all our supplies from Oude, and we can give away more than any other travellers.

We began yesterday giving food away in the evening; there were about 200 people, and Giles and the old khansamah distributed it, and I went with Major J. to see them, but I could not stay. We can do no more than give what we do, and the sight is much too shocking. The women look as if they had been buried, their *skulls* look so dreadful.

I am sure there is no sort of violent atrocity

I should not commit for food, with a starving baby. I should not stop to think about the rights, or wrongs of the case.

As usual, dear Shakspeare knew all about it. He must have been at Cawnpore at the time of a famine—

> Famine is in thy cheeks,
> Need and oppression startle in thine eyes,
> The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.
> Then be not poor, but break it.

G. and I walked down to the stables this morning before breakfast, and found such a miserable little baby, something like an old monkey, but with glazed, stupid eyes, under the care of another little wretch of six years old. I am sure you would have sobbed to see the way in which the little atom flew at a cup of milk, and the way in which the little brother fed it. Rosina has discovered the mother since, but she is a skeleton too, and she says for a month she has had no food to give it. Dr. D. says it cannot live, it is so diseased with starvation, but I mean to try what can be done for it.

Kynonze, Sunday, Jan. 7.

We go on from bad to worse; this is a large village, and the distress greater. Seven hun-

dred were fed yesterday, and the struggle was so violent that I have just seen the magistrate, Mr. ——, who is travelling with us, and asked him for his police. We have plenty of soldiers and servants, but they hardly know what to do; they cannot strike the poor creatures, and yet they absolutely fight among themselves for the food. Captain M. saw three people drop down dead in the village yesterday, and there were several on our line of march. My baby is alive, the mother follows the camp, and I have it four times a day at the back of my tent, and feed it. It is rather touching to see the interest the servants take in it, though there are worse objects about, or else I have got used to this little creature.

This is a great place for ruins, and was supposed to be the largest town in India in the olden time, and the most magnificent. There are some good ruins for sketching remaining, and that is all. An odd world certainly! Perhaps two thousand years hence, when the art of steam has been forgotten, and nobody can exactly make out the meaning of the old English word 'mail-coach,' some black governor-general of England will be marching through its southern provinces.

and will go and look at some ruins, and doubt whether London ever was a large town, and will feed some white-looking skeletons, and say what distress the poor creatures must be in; they will really eat rice and curry; and his sister will write to her Mary D. at New Delhi, and complain of the cold, and explain to her with great care what snow is, and how the natives wear bonnets, and then, of course, mention that she wants to go home. Do you like writing to me? I hate writing in general, but these long letters to you are the comfort of my existence. I always have my portfolio carried on in my palanquin, which comes on early, because then, if I have anything to say to you before breakfast, I can say it, and I dare say it would be unwholesome to suppress a thought before breakfast.

Camp, Umreetpoor, Saturday, Jan. 13.

We have had three days rest at Futtehghur; rest at least, for the horses and bullocks, who were all worn out with the bad roads, and we started again this morning; crossed the Ganges on a bridge of boats, and after five miles of very remarkably heavy sand, with hackeries and dying ponies, and obstinate mules sticking in it, in all

directions, we came to a road available again for the dear open carriage and for horses. The others all rode, and I brought on Mrs. A. who has no carriage, and who gets tired to death of her palanquin and elephant.

G. and I went with Y., Dr. D., and A. and M. one morning before breakfast to see a Dr. ——, who is supposed to be very scientific, but his science seems rather insane. He insists upon it that the North Pole is at Gwalior, about thirty miles from here, and that some magnetic stones he brought from there prove it by the direction in which the needle stands on them. One needle would not stand straight on one stone, and he said that stone must have been picked up a little on one side of the exact North Pole. Then he took us to a table covered with black and white little bricks, something like those we used to have in the nursery, and he said that by a course of magnetic angles, the marks of which he discovers on his magnetic stones, any piece of wood that was cut by his directions became immediately an exact representation of Solomon's Temple.

'Don't say it is ingenious! I can't help it; it is the work of magnetic power, not mine; Solomon's Temple *will fall out* of whatever I undertake.'

I looked at G. and the others, but they all seemed quite convinced, and I began to think we must all be in a Futtehghur Bedlam, only they were all too silent. To fill up the pause, I asked him how long he was discovering Solomon's Temple. 'Only seven years,' he said, 'but it is not my discovery; it *must* be so according to my magnetic angles. When this discovery reaches Europe (which it will through you, ma'am, for I am going to present you with Solomon's Temple), there will be an end of all their science, they must begin again.'

Then Mrs. —— put in: 'Yes, the Doctor said, as soon as he heard you were coming up the country, "I'll give Solomon's Temple to Miss Eden;" and I said, "I shall send her some flowers and water-cresses;" pray, are you fond of water-cresses?'

'Now, my dear, don't talk about water-cresses, you distract Miss Eden and you distract me, and so hold your tongue; I was just going to explain this cube; you see the temple was finished all but one cube, and the masons did not like the look of the stone, they did not understand the magnetic angles, so they gave it a knock and smashed it. Upon which Solomon said, "There!

what a precious mess you have made of it, now I shall have to send all the way to Egypt for another."'

Upon which Mr. Y. said, 'But where do you find that fact, Dr. ——?'

'My dear sir, just take it for granted; I never advance a fact I cannot prove. I am like the old woman in Westminster Abbey, if you interrupt me, I shall have to go back from George III. all the way to Edward the Confessor.'

That silenced us all. You never saw such a thing as Solomon's Temple; not nearly so pretty as the bridges we used to build of those bricks.

Mrs. —— went fidgetting about with some bottles all the time, and began, 'Now, Doctor, show your method of instantaneous communication between London and Edinburgh.'

'Don't bore me, my dear, I have not time to prepare it.'

'There now, Doctor! I knew you would say that, so I have prepared it; there it all is, bottles, wire, galvanic wheels and all. Now, Miss Eden, is not he *much* the cleverest man you ever saw?' So then he showed us that experiment, and a great many of his galvanic tricks

were very amusing, but still he is so eccentric that I think it is a great shame he should be the only doctor of a large station. A lady sent for him to see her child in a fit, and he told her he would not give it any medicine on any account; 'it was possessed by the devil—a very curious case indeed.'

He sent me a bit of the Gwalior North Pole in the evening, which was such a weight I thought I should have to hire a coolie to carry it, and I wanted the servants to bury it, but luckily C. was longing for one of these magnetic stones, and took it. To-day I have had a letter from him, with fruit and flowers which Mrs. —— sent fifteen miles, and a jonquil in a blue glass, English and good, and a postscript to say that, though Solomon's Temple would build itself almost without any help, still, if I found any difficulty I was to write to him. I am quite sure I shall never find the slightest difficulty in it—it is all carefully deposited at the bottom of a camel trunk.

CHAPTER XI.

Futtygunge, Jan. 17, 1838.

We have had a Sunday halt, and some bad roads, and one desperate long march. A great many of the men here have lived in the jungles for years, and their poor dear manners are utterly gone—jungled out of them.

Luckily the band plays all through dinner, and drowns the conversation. The thing they all like best is the band, and it was an excellent idea that, of making it play from five to six. There was a lady yesterday in perfect ecstacies with the music. I believe she was the wife of an indigo planter in the neighourhood, and I was rather longing to go and speak to her, as she probably had not met a countrywoman for many months; but then, you know, she might not have been his wife, or anybody's wife, or he might not be an indigo planter. In short, my dear Mrs. D., you know what a world it is—impossible to be too careful, &c.

We never stir out now from the camp, there is nothing to see, and the dust is a little laid just in front of our tents. We have had a beautiful subject for drawing the last two days. A troop of irregular horse joined us at Futtehghur. The officer, a Russaldar—a sort of sergeant, I believe—wears a most picturesque dress, and has an air of Timour the Tartar, with a touch of Alexander the Great—and he comes and sits for his picture with great patience. All these irregular troops are like parts of a melodrama. They go about curvetting and spearing, and dress themselves fancifully, and they are most courteous-mannered natives. G. and I walked up to their encampment on Sunday.

They had no particular costume when first we came in sight, being occupied in cleaning their horses—and the natives think nature never intended that they should work with clothes on; but they heard G. was coming, and by the time we arrived they were all scarlet and silver and feathers—such odd, fanciful dresses; and the Russaldar and his officers brought their swords that we might touch them, and we walked through their lines. My jemadar interpreted that the Lord Sahib and Lady Sahib never saw

such fine men, or such fine horses, and they all salaamed down to the ground. An hour after, this man and his attendant rode up to W.'s tent (they are under him in his military secretary capacity) to report that they certainly *were* the finest troops in the world—the Lord Sahib had said so; and they begged also to mention that they should be very glad to have their pictures drawn. So the chief man has come for his, and is quite satisfied with it.

Bareilly, Saturday, Jan. 19.

This is one of our long halts: we are to be here till Tuesday. Yesterday we halted at Furreedpoor, where there was an excellent plain for the native horse to show off their manner of fighting, and we all went out in the evening to see them. They stick a tent-pin in the ground, drive it in with mallets, and then going full gallop drive a spear in it and draw it out again. They drop their bridles when the horse is going at his utmost speed, and then suddenly turn round in the saddle and fire at their pursuers. Then they tilt at each other, turning their horses round in a space not much more than their own lengths. Walter Scott would have made some fine chapters out of them, and

Astley would hang himself from the total impossibility of dressing and acting like them.

The only other incident of the day was a trial *by rice* of all my servants. I had ten rupees in small money—coins worth little more than sixpence each—which I got in the distressed districts to give to any beggars that looked starving. I had a packet of them unopened, the last the sircar had given me, sealed with his seal, and I put this in my workbasket on the table. One of the servants very cleverly took it out. It was not loose money lying about: I consider they have almost a right to take *that*, but this was sealed up and hid; so J. made a great fuss about it, and when all enquiries failed, he and Captain D., who manages the police of the camp, said they must try the common experiment of eating rice. The priest weighs out so much rice powder according to the weight of a particular rupee, an old coin which the natives look upon as sacred. The men all say their prayers and wash themselves and then they each take their share of rice. It is not a *nice* experiment. Those who are innocent spit it out again in a liquid state, but the guilty man is not able to liquefy it in the slightest degree.

J. came in with an air of conviction. 'Well! we have found the thief: the last man you would have suspected—your chobdar.' He is a sort of upper servant next in rank to the jemadar, and this man is a remarkably respectable creature, and, though still young, has been fifteen years at Government House—ever since he was twelve years old. The poor wretch came in immediately after, his mouth still covered with flour: he had not been able even to touch it, but he protested his innocence, and I believe in it. He is naturally very timid, and always trembles if anybody speaks quickly to him, and he might have robbed me at any time of any trinkets, or money, as he always takes charge of my room, or tent when the jemadar is away. I am so sorry for him, he was in such an agony; but, luckily, it would have been impossible to send a man away merely on that sort of evidence, and to-day all the others have come round to him and say they are sure it was not him, for they all think too well of him. Yesterday they were glad to put it on anybody, and they have all great faith in the trial. It is very odd; twenty-two took the rice without the slightest reluctance, yet this man could not touch it.

Rosina told me that Ameer, my little boy, said to her, 'It must be the chobdar, Rosina. What for he shake so and not eat rice? Me eat my rice directly; me have nothing in my heart against ladyship; me never take none of her money; me eat rice for ladyship any day.' I never shall let them do it again, but it was done to satisfy them this time. In general the poor *dry* victim confesses directly.

Bareilly is famous for dust and workboxes. The dust we have seen, but the boxes have not yet appeared.

There has been some quarrel about our encamping ground. Captain P. put the tents in the right place, and the Brigadier said it was the wrong one, and had them moved again, and put between two dusty roads; and now we again say *that* is quite wrong, and that we *will* be on the Brigadier's parade ground; so last night's camp, when it came up, was pitched there and with much dignity, but with a great deal of trouble in moving all our goods and ourselves. It was quite as bad as two marches in one day; but then, you know, we could not stand the idea of Brigadier —— presuming to interfere with the Governor-General's camp.

The thieves at Bareilly are well educated, and pilfered quantities of things in the move. Still, Brigadier —— had the worst of it!

This is the most absurd country. Captain N. has a pet monkey, small and black, with a long white beard, and it sits at the door of his tent. It had not been here an hour when the durwar and the elders of the village came on deputation to say that it was the first of that species which had ever been at Bareilly, and they begged to take it to their temple to worship it. He did not much like trusting it out of sight, but it was one of the requests that cannot be refused, so 'Hunamaun' set off in great state with one of N.'s bearers to watch him. He came back extremely excited and more snappish than ever. The bearer said the priests carried the monkey into a temple, but would not let him go too. I suspect if N. washed the returned monkey, he would find the black come off.

CHAPTER XII.

Bareilly, Monday, Jan. 22, 1838.

We were 'at home' on Friday evening. There are ten ladies at this station, several of them very pretty, and with our own ladies there were enough for a quadrille; so they danced all the evening, and it went off very well.

There are two officers (Europeans) who command that corps of irregular horse, and dress like natives, with green velvet tunics, scarlet satin trousers, white boots, bare throats, long beards, and everything most theatrical. It does tolerably well for the young adjutant, who is good-looking; but the major, who commanded the regiment, would look better with a neck-cloth and a tight coat. He dotes on his wild horsemen.

He says the officers come to him every morning, and sit down round him, and show him their Persian letters, and take his orders, just as children would; and to-day, when they were all assembled, they had been reading our Russal-

dar's account of how well he had shown off all his exercises, and how I had drawn his picture, and how G. had given him a pair of shawls and some spears, &c. Just as they were reading this, the man himself arrived, and the others all got up and embraced him, and thanked him for keeping up the honour of the corps. They seem to be something like the Highlanders in their way.

The regiment is made up of families. Each Russaldar has at least six sons or nephews in his troop. They are never punished, but sent away if they commit any fault; and they will do anything for their chief if their prejudices of caste are respected. But there have been some horrible tragedies lately, where young officers have come out with their St. James's Street notions of making these men dress like European soldiers.

Amongst other things, one young officer persuaded his uncle, a Colonel E., to order them to cut off their beards—a much greater offence than pulling all their noses. The men had idolised this Colonel E., but the instant they heard this order, they drew their swords and cut him to pieces. There was great difficulty in bringing the regiment into any order again.

We had a great dinner (only men) on Saturday. Now G. has established that F. and I are to dine at these *men* dinners, he likes them best, and in the short halts it is the only way in which he can see all the civilians and officers. They are neither more, nor less, tiresome to us than mixed dinners. The gentlemen talk a great deal of Vizier Ali and of Lord Cornwallis, and the ladies do not talk at all: and I don't know which I like best.

The thing that chiefly interests me is to hear the details of the horrible solitude in which the poor young civilians live. There is a Mr. G. here, whom R. recommended to us, who is quite mad with delight at being with the camp for a week. We knew him very well in Calcutta. He says the horror of being three months without seeing an European, or hearing an English word, nobody can tell. Captain N. has led that sort of life in the jungles too, and says that, towards the end of the rainy season, when the health generally gives way, the lowness of spirits that comes on is quite dreadful; that every young man fancies he is going to die, and then he thinks that nobody will bury him if he does, as there is no other

European at hand. Never send a son to India! my dear M., that is the moral.

The civilians gave us a dinner on Monday, which went off better than those ceremonies usually do.

It was at the house of an old Mr. W., who has been forty-eight years in India, and whose memory has failed. He asked me if I had seen the house at Benares, where 'poor Davies' was so nearly murdered by 'Futty Rum,' or some name of that kind, and he seemed surprised, and went on describing how Mrs. Davies had gone to the top of the house and said—'My dear! I see some dust in the distance,' just like Blue Beard's wife; and I kept thinking of that, and wondering that I had not seen the house, and at last I thought it must have happened since we left Benares, so I asked, at last, 'But when did this take place?'

'Why, let me see. I was at Calcutta in '90; it must have been in '91, or thereabouts.'

It was the most modern topic he tried. Mrs. W. has been thirty-seven years in India, and is a wonderful-looking woman. Our band came, and after dinner there was a great whispering amongst the seven ladies and forty gentlemen, and it turned out they were longing for a little

more dancing; so the band played some quadrilles, and by dint of one couple dancing first on one side of the room and then on the other, they made it out very well, and it was rather a lively evening.

Camp, Jan. 26.

My own dearest Mary—I sent off another journal to you yesterday. I think you ought to have a very regular supply of letters from me. I never am more than a fortnight now without sending one off. And such enormous packets too! Such fine fat children! not wholesome fat, only Indian, but they look puffy and large. We are at a place which in their little easy way they call Kamovrowdamovrow—how it is spelt really I cannot say, but that is the short way of expressing the sound. We have our first view of the mountain to-day; so lovely—a nice dark blue hard line above the horizon, and then a second series of snowy peaks, looking quite pink when the sun rises. We always travel half-an-hour by torch-light, so that we have the full benefit of the sun rising. The air is so nice to-day—I think it smells of mountains. The highest peak we see is the Gumgoutra, from which the Ganges is supposed to flow,

and consequently the Gumgoutra is idolised by the natives. It was so like P., who by dint of studying Indian antiquities, believes, I almost think, in all the superstitions of the country. We were lamenting that we should lose the sight of these mountains in two more marches ; but then we should be on our way to Simla. 'Oh, Simla!' he said, 'what of that? There is no real historical interest about that. Simla is a mere modern vulgar mountain. I had as lief be in the plain.' Poor Simla! which has stood there, looking beautiful, since the world began, to be termed a mere modern mountain; made of lath and plaster, I suppose. Our marching troubles increase every day. I wish we *were* at Simla. The roads are so *infernally* bad—I beg your pardon, but there is no other word for it. Those who ride can make it out pretty well, and I would begin again, only it tires me so that I cannot sit on the horse; but the riders can always find a tolerable path by the side. The road itself is very heavy sand with deep holes, and cut up into ditches by the hackeries that go on the night before. Our old horses bear it very well, but it has broken the hearts and tempers of the six young ones we got last year from the stud,

and there is no sort of trick they don't play. Yesterday I nearly killed Mrs. A. by the excessive politeness with which I insisted on bringing her the last stage. Two horses kicked themselves out of their traces, and nearly overturned the carriage, and we plodded on with a pair; however, she is not the worse for it. This morning, before F. and G. left the carriage, one of the leaders, in a fit of exasperation, threw himself over the other leader and the postillion; of course they all three came down, but luckily neither man nor horses were hurt; but the carriage could not come on, so we all got on some elephants, which were luckily close at hand. They took us two miles, and by the time mine, which was a baggage elephant, had jolted me into very small pieces—we came to fresh horses. T. and G. rode on, and I sat down on the ground by a fire of dry grass, which the syces and bearers had made for themselves. I longed very much for an inn, or an English waiter, or anything, or anybody; but otherwise it was amusing to see the camp roll by—the Baboos in their palanquins, Mr. T.'s children in a bullock carriage, Mr. B.'s clerks riding like sacks, on rough ponies, with their hats on over

their nightcaps; then the artillery, with the horses all kicking. W. O. came up to me and sent back one of the guards to fetch up the carriage, and he always sets to work with his old regimental habits, and buckles the harness himself, and sets the thing off. His horse had run away with him for three miles, and then he ran away with it for six more, and now he hopes they will do better. G. is gone to-day to return the visit of the Nawâb of Rampore, who lives four miles off, and he has had to recross the river, which makes rather a melancholy addition to the fatigues of men and cattle. G. has set up for his pet a hideous pariah dog, one amongst the many that follow a camp; but this has particularly pretty manners, coaxing and intelligent, and G. says he thinks it will keep the other pets out of his tent. Chance, and F.'s lemur, W.'s greyhounds, and Dr. D.'s dog are always running through his tent, so he has set up this, not that it really ever can go into his tent, it is much too dirty, but we call it out of compliment to the Company 'the Hon. John,' and it answers to its name quite readily.

Moradabad, Saturday, Jan. 27.

Another station, where we are to stay for three days; but the travelling was worse than ever. I told W. O. last night I should walk, and he said he should hop, he had tried everything else. It will be my last resource too. The first stage did pretty well. I have set up Webb to ride by me when the others ride on, and he can direct his own postillions. He does not look the least like a head-coachman, or like the Sergeant Webb, which he is—rather like a ruffian in a melodrama; but he is very civil, and by dint of encouragement and example, got the horses through a mile of deep sand, down to the river-side. We passed about fifty hackeries stuck fast, and there they and the oxen probably are now. The Y.s, be the road bad or good, always come to a misfortune. Yesterday they broke the spring of their dickey; to-day they had to harness *an elephant* to their carriage to pull it out of the sand; and long after we had breakfasted we saw the eldest boy arrive on foot, with one of Mrs. A.'s hirkarus, Mrs. Y. and the little thing on one of our elephants, and Y. mounted on his own box, flourishing on with his tired horses. Our carriage crossed the ford very

well, though the water was up to the steps, and when we had landed I said to Webb I thought we had better wait for Miss F., as the march was longer than we expected. He always speaks so like our old nurse Spencer: 'Lord bless me, Miss Eden, we must not think of Miss F.; if the horses once stop in this sand, they will never stir again. Go on, coachmen. I think, Miss Eden, my Lord and Miss F. will make a bad job of this ford. I saw Lord William, that time he and I came up the country, up to his middle in water at this place, though he was on a tall English horse. Drive on!' We proceeded another mile into the town, and then the horses went entirely mad, partly because the narrow street was full of camels, and partly from fatigue. Webb and the guards cleared off the camels, but the horses would not be quiet, so I got out and walked. There were immense crowds of natives waiting to see G.'s entry, but they are always very civil, and indeed must have been struck with the majesty of my procession—Webb with his long hunting-whip and Squire Bugle look, me in my dusty brown cloak and bonnet, over a dressing-gown, the 'Hon. John' frisking and whining after me with a marked pariah appearance,

an old jemadar of G.'s, with a great sheet twisted over his turban to keep out the cold of the morning; then the carriages with the horses all kicking, and the syces all clinging to them, and Giles and Mars in the distance, each in a horrid fright about their ponies. I walked at least a mile and a half, and then met Captain C. riding out to meet us. 'What accident has happened now?' he said. 'Nothing particular,' I said, 'I am only marching.' He turned back and walked with me to the end of the town, and then the horses behaved pretty well through all the saluting and drumming, and our entry was made correctly; but I had no idea that I could have walked a mile and a half without dropping down dead. That is something learnt. We had all the station to dinner. There were only twenty-five of them altogether, and only two ladies. The band could not play at dinner, which is always a sad loss, as they cover all pauses, but their instruments and uniforms had stuck in the sands. Luckily there was a young Mr. J., the image of Lord Castlereagh, who talked unceasingly all through dinner. Another of the civilians here is Mr. B. O., son of the Mr. O. you know. He was probably the good-looking

stepson whose picture Mrs. O. used to carry about with her, because he was such a 'beautiful creature.' He is now a bald-headed, grey, toothless man, and perfectly ignorant on all points but that of tiger-hunting. There is not a day that I do not think of those dear lines of Crabbe's—

> But when returned the youth? The youth no more
> Returned exulting to his native shore;
> But in his stead there came a wornout man.

They were always good lines, and always had a tendency to bring tears into my eyes, but now, when I look at either the youth or the wornout men, and think what India does for them all, I really could not venture to say those lines out loud. Please to remember that I shall return a wornout woman.

Moradabad, Monday, Jan. 29.

Mr. Y. gave us such an excellent sermon yesterday. The residents here only see a clergyman once a year, so I am glad they had a good sermon, and they all seemed pleased with it. Captain N. was taken ill at church—the second time it has happened—and Dr. D. was obliged to go out with him and bleed him. He looks very strong, but they say nobody ever really

recovers a real bad jungle-fever. We all went out on the elephants, but there is not much to see at Moradabad, though it is a cheerful-looking station. Mrs. A. came to see me, and says she is quite baffled in her attempts to teach her little R. his Bible. He is only three years old, but a fine clever boy. She gave up the creation because he always would have that the first man's name was Jack; and to-day she tried the story of Samuel, which she thought would amuse him, and it went on very well, with a few yawns, till she asked, 'What did Samuel say, when the Lord called him the third time?'—'I'm a-toming a-toming, so don't teaze I any more.' She thought this hopeless, and gave up her Sunday lessons.

Camp, Tuesday, Jan. 30.

G. had a durbar yesterday, and then went to see the jail. F. and I went with P. to the native town to see if we could find anything to sketch, but we could not. Mr. C. caught a very fine old native in the town, with a white beard down to his waist, and he was rather a distinguished character, fought for the English in the time of their troubles here; so he sat for his picture, and it was a good opportunity to make him a present. It is such an immense time

since we have had any letters—none by sea of a later date than August 5, nearly six months ago. For a wonder, we marched ten miles to-day without an accident.

Amroah, Wednesday, Jan. 31.

I went to see Mrs. S. yesterday, and the visit rather reminded me of you. Of course, as you observe, I should forget you utterly if it were not for these occasional remembrances of you, and the constant practice of thinking of you most hours of most days. The eldest little S. girl was ill, an attack of fever, and, *I* think, thrush, but at all events her mouth was in a shocking state; 'and Dr. D. accused me of having given her calomel,' Mrs. S. said, 'but I really never do, I detest calomel; half the children in India are killed by it.' Just then four of her children and two little Y.s rushed in, with guns and swords and paper helmets—'Mamma, M. is gone on the elephant without us.'

'No, my dears, there's M. arranging my work-box. Now, don't make a noise—Miss Eden's here. Run along.'

'But, mamma, may E. and F. Y. drink tea with us to-night?—we want them.'

'Well, dears, we'll see about it presently; now run along.'

'But their mamma says she won't let them come if you don't write a note.'

'Very well, dears, run along.'

'But, mamma, will you give us the note to take?'

'I'll think about it, my love; perhaps I shall meet Mr. Y. out walking; and now pray run along.'

Upon which M. looked up from the workbox she was arranging.

'Mamma, may I have this seal?'

'No, dear, certainly not; it was sent me by my little sister from England; and now run along after your brothers.'

I told her how much you were in the habit of saying 'run along' when you had any visitor with you—whereat we laughed. The poor little girl looked very sick, and I could not find anything to send her, not even a picture-book.

Amroah is a very long narrow town, where they make a very coarse sort of porcelain, which they paint and gild. G. had a quantity of it given to him, which he sent to me, and the native servants had great fun in dividing it amongst themselves. Captain N. drove me in the evening back to a gateway we had seen this morning—

the first pretence at an object for a sketch we had had for many days. We saw a great crowd round it, and in the middle of them P. on his elephant, and in his spectacles, sketching away as hard as he could.

When we came back, I went to fetch out G., who never goes out when he can help it, and took him what I thought a prettier walk than usual—about half a quarter of mile of sand ankle deep, to an old mosque, raised on an elevation of at least eighteen inches—'a splendiferous creature'—(did you ever read 'Nick of the Woods?' you sent it out to us, and we do nothing but quote it)—but he thought it more tiresome than any walk he had taken yet. We found W. and F. there, just on the same tack, F. thinking it was rather pretty, and W. not able to guess why he was dragged all through that sand, and wishing himself at Calcutta. 'Yes,' G. said, 'I am more utterly disgusted, more wretchedly bored than ever, so now I shall go back to my tent, and wish for Government house.' In the meanwhile he is becoming a red-faced *fat*-ish man, and 'if he aspires to play the leading villain of the plot, his corpulence will soon unfit him for that role.' (See 'The Heroine.')

Gurmukteser Ghaut, Friday, Feb. 2.

We crossed the Ganges this morning on a bridge of boats, which was very well constructed, considering the magistrate had not had much notice. The elephants always go first, and if the boats bear elephants, they will bear anything. A Mr. F. and two assistants, and a Mr. and Mrs. T. had come out forty miles to meet us; and it is unfortunate we had not known it, for I had asked the B.s, D.s, General E., &c., to dinner, and unless there was another tent pitched, we had room only for three more, and it puts the aides-de-camp into consternation if any of these strangers are left out. Mrs. T. wears long thick thread mittens, with black velvet bracelets over them. She may have great genius, and many good qualities, but, you know, it is impossible to look for them under those mittens.

The weather is very changeable in these parts. On Wednesday morning the thermometer was at 41° and on Thursday at 78°, so we rush from fur cloaks, and shawls, and stoves, to muslin gowns and fans; and as far as I am concerned, I do not think it is very wholesome, but it seems to agree generally with the camp. The children are all rather ailing just now, and there is a

constant demand for our spare palanquin to carry on a sick child.

Shah Jehanpore, Sunday, Feb. 4.

G., with Major J. and Mr. M., went yesterday to Haupor, where there is a Government stud, and they came back this morning pleased with their expedition. George had had the pleasure of sleeping in a house, and thought it quite delightful. When we arrived here yesterday, we found Captain C., our former aide-de-camp, waiting for us. I always said he would come out to meet us, and W. betted a rupee that he would not, so now I shall have a rupee to spend on my *menus plaisirs*, and may go in at half-price to the play at Meerut. Chance arrived so tired from his march. He was not the least glad to see Captain C., which was very shocking, but he made up for it in the course of the day, and to-night he is to go back with Captain C. in his palanquin, and pass two days with him, and to eat all the time I suppose. I discovered that C. had sent for Chance's servant, and said that he thought him shockingly thin, (you never saw such a ball of fat), and the man said it was very true, but it was the Lady Sahib's orders, so then C. decided to borrow him for a few days and

to feed him up. He will have a fit to a certainty.

It was so dreadfully hot yesterday—quite like a May day in Calcutta—and everybody was lying panting in their tents. It is lucky we have made the most of our six weeks of cold, which was very pleasant while it lasted. If we have rain, it may return again, but otherwise they say we have no notion what the hot winds are on these plains, and we have still six weeks to live in these horrid tents.

Meerut, Tuesday, Feb. 6.

We had some rain on Sunday night, not enough to do good to the crops or the cattle, but it has made the air cool, and the dust was quite laid yesterday. The tents we came up to at Mhow were quite wet. If once they become really wet through, we should have to stop a week wherever we might be, and however short our supply might be, as the canvass becomes too heavy for the elephants to carry. We had a very pretty entry this morning. There are four regiments here—two of them Queen's troops, and one of them is W.'s old regiment of lancers. They were all drawn out, and an immense staff

met G. and rode in with him. The most amusing incident to me, who was comfortably in the carriage, was that one of the lancers' horses escaped from his rider, and ran amongst all the gentlemen. It would be wrong to laugh in general at such an event, for a loose horse in this country is like a wild beast, and tears people off their horses and worries them; but this one only went curvetting about, and when he took to chase old Mr. A. round the others, it was rather interesting and pretty. I had no idea Mr. A. could have turned and doubled his horse about so neatly. Five or six lancers were riding about after him, without the least chance of catching the wild beast, who was captured at last by one of the syces.

Meerut is a large European station—a quantity of barracks and white bungalows spread over four miles of plain. There is nothing to see or to draw.

George had a levée in the morning and audiences all day, and would not go out any more. F. and I went in the tonjauns wherever the bearers chose to convey us, and that happened to be to the European burial-ground. We could not discover any one individual

who lived to be more than thirty-six. It may give Lady A. D. pleasure to know that Sir R.'s first wife is certainly dead and buried—at least she is buried—under a remarkably shabby tomb. People here build immense monuments to their friends, but Sir R. cut his wife off with a small child's tombstone.

Wednesday, Feb. 7.

There now! there is the overland post come, of December 1st, with a letter from R. and one from Mr. D., both to George. It is a great thing to know you were all well at that time, but still it is very mortifying not to have any letters addressed to our noble selves. It falls so flat. I had long ago given up any sea letters, but we kept consoling ourselves with the notion of this overland business—that is, I never did; I always said we should not have our proper complement of letters, so I am not the least surprised, for I am confident that we have been here at least fifteen years, and are of course forgotten; but still it is very shocking, is not it? Lady G. used to write, but she has given it up too. I do not know what is to be done; and I consider it rather a grand trait of character that I go writing on as much as ever, considering it is six months

and four days since the date of your last letter. The post brought in plenty of papers, and the Queen's visits to Guildhall and to Covent Garden are very interesting. I think politics look ugly enough.

We had a very large party last night—the two large tents quite full of nice-looking people—and they danced away very merrily.

Meerut, Sunday, Feb. 11.

We have had so much to do I could not write. But first and foremost we have had some letters of September by the 'Zenobia' and the 'Royal Saxon:' not a line from you—you evidently have a little pet ship of your own; and but one from L., one from Lady G., &c.: in short, a good provision, but I still wish yours would come to hand. These are five months old, but that is not so bad.

We have had a ball on Wednesday from the artillery; a play on Thursday by amateurs—'Rob Roy'—and 'Die Vernon' acted by a very tall lancer with an immense flaxen wig, long ringlets hanging in an infantine manner over his shoulders, short sleeves, and, as Meerut does not furnish gloves, large white arms with very red

hands. Except in Calcutta, such a thing as an actress does not exist, so this was thought a very good 'Die Vernon;' but I hear that 'Juliet' and 'Desdemona' are supposed to be his best parts. Friday, the station gave us a ball, which was very full. There were two Miss ——s come out from England to join a married sister, the wife of an officer in the lancers. She is very poor herself, but has eight sisters at home, so I suppose thought it right to help her family; and luckily, I think, they will not hang long on her hands. They are such very pretty girls, and knowing-looking, and have brought out for their married sister, who is also very pretty, gowns and headdresses like their own. The three together had a pretty effect. They are the only young ladies at the station, so I suppose will have their choice of three regiments; but it is a bad business when all is done. They arrived just in time for this gay week, which will give the poor girls a false impression of the usual tenor of their lives. The only other unmarried woman also appeared for the first time *as a lady*. Her father has just been raised from the ranks for his good conduct. The poor girl was very awkward and ill-dressed, but looked very amiable

and shy. I went and sat down by her, and talked to her for some time; and her father came the next day to G. and said he felt so grateful for the notice taken of his daughter. The poor girl evidently did not know how to dance.

Yesterday George gave another great dinner, at which we did not appear. I don't think I ever felt more tired, but the weather is grown very warm again; and then, between getting up early when we are marching, and sitting up late at the stations, I am never otherwise than tired. We went to the church to-day instead of having service at home. It is rather a fine sight, as General N.'s 'sax and twenty thoosand men' were there. He is the Governor of the district, a good-natured old man, but he has quite lost his memory, and says the same thing ten times over, and very often it was a mistake at first. George asked him how many men he had at Meerut; he said, 'I cannot just say, my Lord; perhaps sax and twenty thoosand'—such a fine army for a small place.

Tuesday, Feb. 13.

We were to have left Meerut to-day, but I was obliged to tell George that no human strength

could possibly bear the gaieties of yesterday, and a march of sixteen miles at four this morning.

We had a dinner at General N.'s of seventy people—'sax and twenty thoosand,' I believe, by the time the dinner lasted—but it was very well done. Mrs. N. is a nice old lady, and the daughter, who is plain, shows what birth is: she is much the most ladylike-looking person here. When the dinner was over—and I have every reason to believe it did finish at last, though I cannot think I lived to see it—we all went to the ball the regiment gave us. I look upon it as some merit that I arrived in a state of due sobriety, for old General N.'s twaddling took the turn of forgetting that he had offered me any wine, and every other minute he began with an air of recollection, 'Well, ma'am, and now shall *you* and *I* have a glass of wine together?' The ball was just like the others, but with a great display of plate at supper, and the rooms looked smarter.

Tell E. Mrs. B. is our 'Dragon Green,' only she does not imitate us with that exquisite taste and tact which the lovely Miss Green displays. I bought a green satin the other day from a common box-wallah who came into the camp;

—how she knows what we buy we never can make out, but she always does—and the next day she sent her tailor to ask mine for a pattern of the satin, that she might get one like it from Calcutta. The same with some fur F. bought. I found some turquoise earrings last week, which I took care not to mention to her, but yesterday the Baboo of Mr. B.'s office stalked into my tent with a pair precisely the same, and a necklace like that I bought at Lucknow, and said his 'Mem Sahib' (so like the East Indians calling their ladies 'Mem Sahibs') had sent him to show me those, and ask if they were the same as mine. Having ascertained that the earrings were double, and the necklace four times, the price of mine, I said they were exactly similar, and that I approved of them very much. I hope she will buy them.

We saw a great deal of Captain C. at Meerut, and he would have been very happy if he had not thought Chance grown thin. F. left with him her tame deer, which is grown up and becoming very dangerous. It is a pity that tame deer always become pugnacious as soon as their horns come through.

I treated myself to such a beautiful miniature

of W. O. There is a native here, Juan Kam, who draws beautifully sometimes, and sometimes utterly fails, but his picture of William is quite perfect. Nobody can suggest an alteration, and as a work of art it is a very pretty possession. It was so admired that F. got a sketch of G. on cardboard, which is also an excellent likeness; and it is a great pity there is no time for sitting for our pictures for you—but we never have time for any useful purpose.

Camp, Delhi, Feb. 20.

This identical Delhi is one of the few sights, indeed the only one except Lucknow, that has quite equalled my expectations. For miles round it there is nothing to be seen but gigantic ruins of mosques and palaces, and the actual living city has the finest mosque we have seen yet. It is in such perfect preservation, built entirely of red stone and white marble, with immense flights of marble steps leading up to three sides of it; these, the day we went to it, were entirely covered with people dressed in very bright colours—Sikhs, and Mahrattas, and some of the fair Mogul race, all assembled to see the Governor-General's suwarree, and I do not think I ever saw so striking a scene. They followed

us into the court of the temple, which is surmounted by an open arched gallery, and through every arch there was a view of some fine ruins, or of some part of the King of Delhi's palace, which is an immense structure two miles round, all built of deep red stone, with buttresses and battlements, and looks like an exaggerated scene of Timour the Tartar, and as if little Agib was to be thrown instantly from the highest tower, and Fatima to be constantly wringing her hands from the top of the battlements. There are hundreds of the Royal family of Delhi who have never been allowed to pass these walls, and never will be. Such a melancholy red stone notion of life as they must have! G. went up to the top of one of the largest minarets of the mosque and has been stiff ever since. From there we went to the black mosque, one of the oldest buildings in India, and came home under the walls of the palace. We passed the building in which Nadir Shah sat for a whole day looking on while he allowed his troops to massacre and plunder the city. These eastern cities are so much more thickly inhabited than ours, and the people look so defenceless, that a massacre of that sort must be a horrible

slaughter; but I own I think a little simple plunder would be pleasant. You never saw such an army of jewellers as we have constantly in our tents. On Saturday morning I got up early and went with Major J. to make a sketch of part of the palace, and the rest of the day was cut up by jewellers, shawl merchants, dealers in curiosities, &c., &c., and they begin by asking us such immense prices, which they mean to lower eventually, that we have all the trouble of seeing the things twice.

Yesterday we went to the church built by Colonel Skinner. He is a native of this country, a half-caste, but very black, and talks broken English. He has had a regiment of irregular horse for the last forty years, and has done all sorts of gallant things, had seven horses killed under him, and been wounded in proportion; has made several fortunes and lost them; has built himself several fine houses, and has his zenana and heaps of black sons like any other native. He built this church, which is a very curious building and very magnificent — in some respects; and within sight of it there is a mosque which he has

also built, because he said that one way or the other he should be sure to go to heaven. In short, he is one of the people whose lives ought to be written for the particular amusement of succeeding generations. His Protestant church has a dome in the mosque fashion, and I was quite afraid that with the best dispositions to attend to Mr. Y., little visions of Mahomet would be creeping in. Skinner's brother, Major Robert Skinner, was the same sort of melodramatic character, and made a tragic end. He suspected one of his wives of a slight *écart* from the path of propriety—very unjustly, it is said—but he called her and all his servants together, cut off the heads of every individual in his household, and then shot himself. His soldiers bought every article of his property at ten times its value, that they might possess relics of a man who had shown, they said, such a quick sense of honour.

G. and I took a drive in the evening all round the cantonments, and there is really some pretty scenery about Delhi, and great masses of stone lying about, which looks well after those eternal sands.

In the afternoon we all (except G., who

could not go from some point of etiquette) went to see the palace. It is a melancholy sight—so magnificent originally, and so poverty-stricken now. The marble hall where the king sits is still very beautiful, all inlaid with garlands and birds of precious stones, and the inscription on the cornice is what Moore would like to see in the original: 'If there be an Elysium on earth, it is this, it is this!'

The lattices look out on a garden which leads down to the Jumna, and the old king was sitting in the garden with a chowrybadar waving the flies from him; but the garden is all gone to decay too, and 'the Light of the World' had a forlorn and darkened look. All our servants were in a state of profound veneration; the natives all look upon the King of Delhi as their rightful lord, and so he is, I suppose. In some of the pavilions belonging to the princes there were such beautiful inlaid floors, any square of which would have made an enviable table for a palace in London, but the stones are constantly stolen; and in some of the finest baths there were dirty charpoys spread, with dirtier guards sleeping on them. In short, Delhi is a very suggestive and

moralising place—such stupendous remains of power and wealth passed and passing away—and somehow I feel that we horrid English have just 'gone and done it,' merchandised it, revenued it, and spoiled it all. I am not very fond of Englishmen out of their own country. And Englishwomen did not look pretty at the ball in the evening, and it did not tell well for the beauty of Delhi that the painted ladies of one regiment, who are generally called 'the little corpses' (and very hard it is too upon most corpses), were much the prettiest people there, and were besieged with partners.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Kootûb, Wednesday, Feb. 23, 1838.

Well, of all the things I ever saw, I think this is the finest. Did we know about it in England? I mean, did you and I, in our old ancient Briton state, know? Do you know now without my telling you, what the Kootûb is? Don't be ashamed, there is no harm in not knowing, only I do say it is rather a pity we were so ill taught. I have had so many odd names dinned into me during the countless years I seem to have passsed in this country, that I cannot remember the exact degree of purity of mind (which enemies may term ignorance) with which I left home; but after all that had been said, I expected the Kootûb would have been rather inferior to the Monument. One has those little prejudices. It happens to be the Monument put at the top of the column in the Place Vendôme, and that again placed on a still grander base. It is built

of beautiful red granite, is 240 feet high and 50 feet in diameter, and carved all over with sentences from the Koran, each letter a yard high, and the letter again interlaced and ornamented with carved flowers and garlands; it is between six and seven hundred years old, and looks as if it were finished yesterday, and it stands in a wilderness of ruins, carved gateways, and marble tombs, one more beautiful than the other.

They say that the man who built it meant it for one minaret of a mosque—a mosque, you are to understand, always possessing two minarets and three domes. But as some say Kootûb himself built this, and others say that a particular emperor called Alexander II. has the merit of it, and as nobody knows whether there ever were a Kootûb or an Alexander II., I think it is just possible that we do not know what a man who never was born meant to make of a building that never was built. As it stands it is perfect. We went at six this morning to see a well into which divers are so good as to jump from the height of sixty feet. They seem to fly almost in the air, till they nearly reach the water, and then they join their feet together and go down straight, and the water closes over

them. But they come up again, do not be afraid.

We had despatched all our sights before seven, and had two hours' good sketching before breakfast, and now it is as hot as ever I felt it in Bengal.

Delhi, Friday, Feb. 25.

Yesterday morning we found there was so much to do and to finish, that we settled to stay on here till Saturday, and to commit the sin for the first time of marching on Sunday as we have not a day to spare. The heir-apparent of Delhi has been coaxed, or threatened into waiting on G., so there was a second durbar to be held to-day, and when it came to the time, the prince had taken to his bed, and had sent for thirteen doctors to say he was too ill to come. However, he changed his mind again and came, and in the meanwhile, half our troops who were out for the durbar were fainting away from the heat. In the afternoon G. had to go and return the visits of the Rajahs in the neighbourhood, and we went to see Humayun's tomb, about six miles off, where we meant to sketch till G. came, but it turned out a failure after all we had heard of it.

However, there were some beautiful white marble tombs in the neighbourhood, carved like lace; and then we went to another well, or rather tank, entirely surrounded by mosques and buildings, on the roofs of which divers were all waiting to jump. We implored and begged they would not take us for the Lord Sahib, and take the fatal plunge in our honour, and the guards went and pushed the crowd off, and declared the Lord Sahib was coming, and we sat down and sketched, and at last, just as we were giving him up, he and all his people arrived, and the divers all bounded off. Some of them jumped from a height of eighty feet, clearing several buildings in their way. It is much the most curious sight I have seen, and I now cannot guess why they did not tumble head over heels twenty times before they reached the water. In the evening we went to a nautch at Colonel Skinner's. His house is fitted up in the native fashion, and he had all the best singers and dancers in Delhi, and they acted passages out of Vishnu and Brahma's lives, and sang Persian songs which I thought made a very ugly noise, but Mr. B., who speaks Persian as fluently as English, kept saying 'Well, this is

really delightful—this I think is equal to any European singing—in fact, there is nothing like it.'

There *is* nothing like it that I ever heard before, but certainly the words, as he translated them, were very pretty. One little fat nautch girl sang a sort of passionate song to G. with little meaning smiles, which I think rather attracted his lordship, and I thought it might be too much for him if I forwarded to him Mr. B.'s translation. 'I am the body, you are the soul: we may be parted here, but let no one say we shall be separated hereafter. My father has deserted me, my mother is dead, I have no friends. My grave is open, and I look into it; but do you care for me?' The dancing is very slow and very dull, but the dresses and ornaments are beautiful.

Saturday, Feb. 26.

We had a melancholy catastrophe last night. There has been a great deal of pilfering in the camp the two last days, which has been the case with every great camp near Delhi, and our people were unluckily more awake than usual. A thief was seen running off with one of the servants' cooking pots, and pursued. A syce

of Mr. T. caught hold of him. The thief turned round and stuck his knife into the man and killed him on the spot. He was dead before they could even fetch Dr. D. The thief is taken, but nobody is ever hanged in this country. Mr. T., who has been agent here for twenty-two years, takes it as a personal affront that we should have been robbed in his district, though I should have thought the affront lay the other way.

Paniput, Feb. 28.

Delhi turned out a very unwholesome place. All the servants have been taken with attacks of fever and sickness; the sudden hot days after the cold weather disagree with them. Our camp has grown much larger. There are more hangers-on. Mrs. —— has taken charge of a little niece and two nephews who lost their mother suddenly, and she is taking them up to the hills—I never saw such sickly little things. I see another little European girl every morning on the line of march, who has evidently nobody but bearers to take charge of her, probably going up to a school at Mussoorie, where parents who are too poor to send children home now send them. I forget whether I told you a story

Mr. T. told me about the way in which children travel here, and which strikes me as very shocking and would probably strike you more. I believe I have told it to you twice already in hopes of making your motherly hair stand on end. He said a palanquin was brought to his house containing three little children, a little girl nine years old and two smaller brothers. They were going up to Mussoorie, had been travelling three days, and had about a week's more journey. They had not even their names written on a piece of paper, or a note to the magistrates of the district, but were just passed on from one set of bearers to the other. You know the bearers are changed every eight miles like so many post horses, and it constantly happens on a dâk journey that the bearers get tired, or the fresh set are not at their posts, and the palanquin is put down on the road and the traveller left to help himself. The bearers who brought these children to Mr. T.'s, said they thought the children were tired, and so they had brought them to an European house for a rest. Mr. T. had them washed and dressed, and fed them and kept them half a day, when he was obliged to send them away for fear they should

lose their dâk. He said they were very shy, and would hardly speak, but he made out their names and gave them notes to other magistrates, and some months afterwards he saw them at school at Mussoorie; but it is an odd way of sending children to school. I should like to see you packing off your three youngest boys for the chances of these naked half savages taking them and feeding them and looking after them on the road, without even a servant to attend to them.

When we came into camp this morning we found Mr. ——, whose turn it had been to come on with the guard of honour, perfectly desperate. His tent had been entirely stripped in the night, he and his bearers remaining in a profound sleep while the thieves cut away entirely one side of the tent, and carried off over his head a large camel-trunk and all his other boxes, with his sword, gun, and pistols. It was a sad loss for a poor lieutenant in the army, but luckily the police recovered most of his things in the course of the day, except, as he says with a most sentimental sigh, 'a few rings of no value in themselves, but of value to *me*, and a few *chits*.' The magistrate,

Mr. ——, treats with the greatest contempt the idea of recovering any sentimental goods. 'I assure you,' he says, 'the decoits at *Pannyput* have no idea of sentiment.' Probably not—but that does not console Lieut. —— for the loss of his *chits*.

Kurnaul, March 2.

We arrived here yesterday; a great ugly scattered cantonment, all barracks, and dust, and guns, and soldiers; and G. had a levée in the morning, and we were 'at home' in the evening; and the officers of four regiments, with their wives and daughters, all came and danced. The fashions are even again behind those of Delhi. Mrs. V. appeared in a turban made I think of stamped tin moulded into two fans, from which descended a long *pleueuse* feather floating over some very full sleeves. Mrs. Z. did not aspire to anything fanciful, but was simply attired in a plain coloured gown made of a very few yards of sarcenet. We are going to dine with the General to-day—a dinner of sixty people.

Yesterday as we were stepping over the street to luncheon, there appeared an interesting procession of tired coolies carrying boxes—our

English boxes that had come plodding after us from Allahabad. I was in hopes Mr. D.'s bonnets would have come out of one of them, but we heard in the evening that they are at least a month off, and in the meantime the unpacking of these was immense fun. There were two boxes of books, and I had just come to an end of the last set, and now there is Mrs. Gore's 'Stokeshill Park,' and 'My Aunt Dorothy,' and some French novels, and, above all, dear Charles Lamb's letters, which I have been sighing for and have begun upon instantly. I cannot imagine what number of hill-bearers will take our goods up to Simla. Major J. has written for 1,500, and they are already at work taking the first division of goods up. Our camp will break up almost entirely in a few days. We three, with two aides-de-camp, the doctor, and one secretary, are going through the Dhoon, a sort of route that will not admit of a large party. It is a very pretty road and likely to be cooler than the actual plains.

The rest of the camp and most of the servants will pursue the straight road. I long to get into the hills more than ever. It is grown so very hot now, quite as bad as Calcutta in May.

I believe we shall not be able to take Wright and Jones this route, which will make them very unhappy. St. Cloup told me yesterday that he had at last had a letter from Madame St. Cloup, which had made him very happy, and that she was in an excellent place with a relation of ours. Poor woman! she little knows what a faithless man he is. However, he bought her a beautiful gold chain at Delhi, and he said that now he had had this letter, he had 'quelque envie de lui acheter des boucles d'oreilles,' but that he thought it would be better to take them home. It would make her more glad to see him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Camp, Kurnaul, March 5 1838.

It goes much against the grain with me to begin a fresh journal on half a sheet, but it is an odd time for writing, so I must take what I can get and be thankful. The things are all put away for the night under the sentries. G. is sitting down to a dinner of forty men in red coats, 'fathers and mothers unknown.' F. W. and I have devoured such small cheer as St. Cloup would allow the kitmutgar to pick up from the outside of the kitchen at an early hour. W. O. is this moment gone off for his three weeks' tiger-shooting; and now there is just one hour before I need dress for the station ball, so that I devote to writing to you. We could not help laughing at our private dinner, considering what people say of the luxuries of the East, and of the state in which the Governor-General lives. The dinner was very good, thanks to its being stolen from St.

Cloup's best company preparations; but we were in a small empty tent, lighted up by two candles and one night-lamp. The whole number of leaves of the dining-table were apparently wanted in the large tent, for they had given us a borrowed camp-table, two very dirty deal boards, covered with the marks of old slops, and of the *rounds* of glasses. I am sure at any of the London gin-palaces the scavengers would have grumbled at the look of it; and our three coffee-cups, with a plate of biscuits for Chance in the centre, did not look handsome. The purdahs were all up, as the evening is hot, so outside we had a good view of the kettle boiling for tea on some sticks of charcoal, and the bearers washing up the dirty plates and keeping the pariah dogs from helping themselves. W.'s dhoolie, a sort of bed on poles, was waiting for him in the distance, with two irregular horsemen for an escort. Altogether, I think a Blackheath gipsy would have sneered at us; but otherwise, nothing was absolutely wanting. I came back to my tent meaning to write to you, but found, as I told you, everything whisked off, except one table and my sofa; and that has now been carried away to serve as

a bed for a Mr. ——, who has come dâk sixty miles on some business with G.

I can hardly write because I am in the middle of 'Lamb's Life and Letters'—such a nice book! I quite dread going on with it for fear of finishing it. It sometimes does almost as well as you to talk with for five minutes. I like the way in which he goes on revelling in a bad joke, making nonsense by the piece, and there are such good little bits of real feeling. 'All about you is a threadbare topic. I have worn it out with thinking; it has come to me when I have been dull with anything, till my sadness has seemed more to have come from it, than to have introduced it. I want you, you don't know how much.' Such a jewel of a man to have put that into words, and it is so true! I often find myself *saucing* up my distaste for the present with regret for the past, and so disguising a little discontent with a great deal of sentiment; but yet that is rather unfair too, for I really should not mind India if you and three or four others were here. The discontent with it arises a great deal from want of the old familiar friends. However, we have at last done two years of it. I believe it has taken us forty English years to

do these two Indian ones; but still it shows what time and longevity will effect. Mr. Y. brought rather an interesting individual to my tent this morning, a Christianised Indian; he has been a strict Christian for nearly twenty-three years, and last year the Bishop ordained him. He was a Brahmin of the highest class, and is a very learned man. I asked him how his conversion began, whether from discontent with his own belief, or from the persuasions of others; and he said he was dissatisfied with his own superstitions, and got a copy of Henry Martyn's translation of St. John, and then of the Acts, and then went back to the rest of the Bible. Mrs. Sherwood, who lived at Meerut, was afterwards his chief instructress, and he speaks of her with the greatest gratitude. He keeps a school now, which is attended by about forty children, but he does not think he has made any real converts. I wish he could have spoken English: I wanted to know more about it all. He was here a long time, and I did rather a highly-finished picture of him, thinking the old Bishop would like it. He is rather like Sidney Smith blackened, and laughed about as heartily as Sidney would have done at his own picture.

Tuesday, March 6.

We went to our ball last night—it was pretty; the room was hung round with such profusion of garlands and a sort of stage, on which there were green arches decked out with flowers; but what particularly took my fancy was a set of European soldiers dressed up for the night as footmen, *real red plush trousers*, with blue coats and red collars, and white cotton stockings, and powdered heads, and they carried about trays of tea and ices. After the turbaned heads and 'the trash and tiffany,' as Hook says, with which we are surrounded, you cannot conceive what a pleasant English look this gave to the room. Such fat, rosy English footmen! It is very odd how sometimes the sudden recurrence of some common English custom shows the unnatural state of things in which we live—that red plush! it was just like Rousseau's 'Voilà de la pervenche,' only not quite so romantic. To-day, before I was dressed, Rosina said that G.'s nazir wanted to speak to me, and I found him in my tent at the head of at least a hundred yards of 'trash and tiffany,' come to hope I would ask my lord to stay another day, as to-morrow is the great Mussul-

man holiday—they call it their Buckra Eed, or sounds to that effect; and it is, in fact, a commemoration of Abraham offering up Isaac, only they do it in honour of Ishmael. Nothing can be more inconvenient, but I never can refuse the nazir anything, he looks so timid and gentlemanlike; so I went to G. with the deputation, and we have altered all our plans, and may have to march on Sunday to make up for it. A shocking sacrifice of Christianity to Mahomedanism! only, as I said before, I cannot refuse the nazir; and also, the servants have in general borne the march very well, and deserve some consideration. We have written now to revive a play the privates of the Artillery had wanted to act, and which we had declined for want of time to go and see it.

Camp, one march from Kurnaul, Thursday, March 8.

I took Mrs. A. out in the carriage on Tuesday evening, and after I had taken her home, I was caught in a regular storm of dust, what they call a dry storm here, much worse than a thick London fog. The syces walked before the horses feeling their way, and hallooing because the postilions could not see them; and

as it was, I came in at the wrong end of the camp with the syces missing. W. tried to go out to dinner, but could not find his way.

We went to the play last night, 'Tekeli,' and it really was wonderfully well acted. They did much better than the gentlemen amateurs at Meerut, and, except that the heroines were six feet high and their pink petticoats had not more than three breadths in them, the whole thing was well done: the scenery and decorations were excellent, and all got up by the privates. There was one man who sang comic songs in a quiet, dawdling way that Matthews could not have surpassed. It was all over by nine o'clock. We marched very early this morning, as it was a sixteen miles' march, which is always a trial to the servants and to the regiment, the sun is so hot now after eight. The sergeant who sends back reports of the road the evening before, always writes them in rather a grand style, and he put down to-day: 'First and second mile good; at the third mile, bridge over the canal which requires the greatest precaution, the *roaring sluices* may alarm the horses.' I wish you had seen the 'roaring sluices,' something like the cascades we used to build when we were children in the ditch

at Elmer's End, but hardly so imposing. Sergeant —— is so unused to the slightest inequality either of land or water, that it astounds him. The servants enjoyed their holiday thoroughly. They all put off their liveries and went round the camp to make their little compliments, which they do in very good taste, and the old khansamah made a sort of *chapel* of the hangings of tents, and there was one of their priests in the centre reading the Koran, and between four and five hundred of them kneeling round, all looking so white and clean in their muslin dresses. I really think they are very good people, they are so very particular about their prayers.

Friday, March 9.

We had our overland packet of December 27 yesterday. There never was anything so praiseworthy as the regularity of that Overland Mail lately, but where are your letters? You must send them to China with directions to climb over the wall and post on to Simla, or to 'try New South Wales, or Tartary.' I heard from R. and M. and L. all up to Christmas, and you are still at August 5th. It is very odd, because I am confident you write, but I should like to know what you write. We have heard from Mr. D. much later than from you.

CHAPTER XV.

Saharunpore, Sunday, March 11, 1838.

THIS is a small station, only two ladies, one of whom is Miss T.; she came out last year to join a brother here, who is quite delighted to have her, and she seems very contented with her quiet life, but everybody is contented with their stations at the foot of the hills. They stay the cold season here, and go in twelve hours up to Mussoorie, where most of them have their regular established homes, so they escape all hot weather. Miss T. and her brother and the other Saharunpore gentlemen came out to meet us, and G. and I stopped at Captain C.'s to see an immense collection of fossils, all proving that our elephants of the present day were 'little Chances' of the olden time. G. had a durbar, and in the afternoon we went to the Botanical Gardens, which are very shady and nice, and we sent the band there as the Saharunporites do not often hear music. It is a pretty little station.

Kerni, March 15.

G. has been out tiger-hunting from the two last stations. They never had a glimpse of a tiger, though here and there they saw the footprints of one. One of the days the thermometer was at 90° in our tents, but G. stayed out the whole day, and said he did not feel the heat.

Mussoorie, Sunday, March 18.

On Thursday evening we went on to Deyrah, too late to see anything, but Friday morning the beauty of the Himalayas burst upon us. We were encamped just under the mountains, too much under them to see the snowy range, but still nothing could be more beautiful than the first view of the range, and no wonder one hates plains. Colonel Y. had us out early in the morning to see his little Ghoorka regiment manœuvre. Most of the men are about five feet six, with little hands and feet in proportion. All the mountaineers are very small creatures, but they make excellent little soldiers; and the Ghoorkas beat our troops at this spot twenty-five years ago, and killed almost all the officers sent against them. Now they are our subjects they fight equally well for us, and were heard to say

at Bhurtpore that they really thought some of our soldiers were nearly equal to themselves. They look like little black dolls. They are quite unlike natives. There is a regular fool attached to the regiment, who had stuck a quantity of wild flowers in his helmet, and came up and saluted G. with a large drawn sword in a most ridiculous manner. After that we went to see a Sikh temple, where there was a great festival, and about a hundred fakeers, the most horrid-looking monsters it is possible to see. They never wear any clothes, but powder themselves all over with white or yellow powder, and put red streaks over their faces. They look like the raw material of so many Grimaldis. At eleven, the two ladies and five gentlemen of the station came to visit us; and at four, G. and I set off, under Colonel Y.'s auspices, to see a cavern that has just been discovered about four miles from this, and which was found out in a very odd way. One of the soldiers had murdered his havildar out of jealousy, and escaped, and was taken, after a fortnight's search, in this cave, nearly starved to death. It is just the place where Balfour of Burley would have hid himself. I have not enjoyed a drive so much for ages, and

it was through such a beautiful country—such hills and valleys! I wish we might settle at Deyrah for the rest of the term of our transportation. One of the worst parts of this journey is that we never can go even two yards from the camp without an officer with G. on account of the petitioners. When we got near the cave we found Colonel Y., Dr. G., and Captain M. at the entrance of a dark grotto, through which a stream was running. 'Nothing to walk through,' Colonel Y. said, 'not more than two feet deep, or two feet and a half at most,' and so in they all went; but my bearers luckily declared they could carry the tonjaun through, and they contrived it, though sometimes one tumbled down, and then another, and I had once to sit at the bottom of it to prevent my head being knocked off by the rocks. It was a beautiful cavern about 500 yards long, and at the other end there was a tent, where G. and Colonel Y. had wisely established dry clothes, but the others who had not taken this precaution were glad to gallop home as fast as they could.

Yesterday we started at half-past five in the carriage, came five miles to the foot of the hills; then the gentlemen got on the ponies, and

F. and I into our jonpauns, which might just as well be called tonjauns—they are the same sort of conveyances, only they swing about moré and look like coffins. The mountaineers run up the hills with them in a wonderful manner. We were two hours going up precipices, which, as Vivian Grey says, 'were completely perpendicular, but with perhaps a slight incline inwards at the bottom,' and then we reached Colonel G.'s bungalow at Mussoorie. Such a view on all sides of it! Nothing could be grander—good fires burning—and a nice sharp wind blowing. Pleasant!

We found our Bengallee servants, who had come on the day before, very miserable. They had slept in the open air and were starved with the cold, and were so afraid of the precipices that they could not even go to the bazaar to buy food. I dare say to people who have never even seen the smallest rise in the ground, not even a molehill, these mountains must be very terrific.

While she was dressing me, Rosina was mimicking F.'s jemadar, who is in a particular state of fear. 'There was poor Ariff, he buy great stick, and he put stick out so, and then he put his foot by it, and then he say, "Oh! what me do next,

me tumble if me move me stick, or me foot."' I thought we should have been alarmed by what Miss T. said of her fears, but we went out on our ponies in the evening and cantered along the paths quite easily, though it is ugly looking down. One stumble, and horse and all must roll down out of sight. But, to be sure, how beautiful the hills are! I am certain I shall grow strong again in a week at Simla, and as for ever being well in the plains, that is an evident impossibility, so far as I am concerned.

Mussoorie, Monday, March 19.

We went to the little Mussoorie church yesterday morning. The bearers are steady men, I have no doubt, but still I wish they would not race with each other; for at the sharp corners where they try to pass, the outer jonpaun hangs over the edge, and I don't altogether like it. In the afternoon we took a beautiful ride up to Landour, but the paths are much narrower on that side, and our courage somehow oozed out; and first we came to a place where they said, 'This was where poor Major Blundell and his pony fell over, and they were both dashed to atoms,'—and then there was a board stuck in a

tree, 'From this spot a private in the Cameronians fell and was killed.' Just as if there were any use in adding that he was killed, if he fell—anybody might have guessed that. Then ——, who lived up here for three years, said he would take us home by a better path, and unluckily it was a worse one, and we had to get off our ponies and lead them, and altogether I felt giddy and thought much of poor Major Blundell! But it is impossible to imagine more beautiful scenery. This morning we went to breakfast with Colonel M. and saw the whole extent of the snowy range, and very fine it is. It is a clever old range to have kept itself so clean and white for 5,000 years. As we came back we met Mars, who is quite happy here, with Ariff after him. I asked him what he was doing. 'Je veux absolument faire monter ce pauvre Ariff là haut.'—'Do you like going, Ariff?' I said.—'No, ladyship.'—'Don't you think the hills very beautiful?'—'No, ladyship, very shocking;' and he made a face of such utter nausea it was impossible to help laughing. Mars said afterwards that Ariff flung himself on the ground and declared nothing should induce him to take another step. My jemadar in consequence was particularly

puffed up about it, though I believe he disliked his walk quite as much. 'I been to the Hospital, been to Macdonald Sahib, been everywhere where ladyship has been. Poor Ariff, he fear much!' and he walked out with a smile of self-complacency at his superior courage.

Rajpore, Wednesday, March 21.

We came down from Mussoorie Monday afternoon with great success, but the change in an hour from cold to heat made us all deaf to begin with, and half the servants were sick, and in the middle of the night I took one of my attacks of spasms. I always think Dr. D. in his heart must wish that they would begin twelve hours sooner. He always has to get up at one in the morning, and the spasm lasted till past three—such an inconvenient time when we have to march at half-past five. I really thought this time I should not have been able to go on, but somehow it always can be done when it cannot be helped; and as all the tents were ready at the next station, I went for the first time in a palanquin—it saves the trouble of dressing, and I just moved from the bed into it. G. went out shooting again this morning on positive information of a

tigress and three cubs, but as usual they could not be found. However, they have had some very good shooting.

Thursday, March 22.

We had a great deal of rain last night; and so when we came to cross the Jumna this morning it was not fordable, and there never was such a mess —only three boats for all our camp. Two poor men were drowned in the night trying to swim over, and one or two camels were carried away, but found again. Then the road was so bad the carriage was not available, and I came part of the way on the elephant, which, as I was not strong, shook me to atoms. We crossed at last, and then it appeared that everything had been drenched in the night, and there was not a bed nor a sofa to lie down on. Luckily, Rosina lent me her charpoy, a sort of native couch, and Dr. D. got a medicine chest, and gave me some laudanum, and now I am better again; but of all the troubles in life for 'an ailing body,' I think a march the most complete. It is a pouring day, but luckily very cool. Chance has been very ill for the last week, and I have made him over to-day to the surgeon of the body-guard, who has bled him, and says he can cure him.

Friday, March 23.

We must luckily halt here three days, for half the people and things are still on the other bank. I am better to-day, and Chance is in a more hopeful state. As you will hear from us several times by the overland packet before this comes to hand, I may as well send this off without coming to the interesting crisis of Chance's fate; but as the inflammation in his dear little chest is supposed to be subdued, you may feel tolerably easy. I, as usual, wind up with the observation that your last letter was dated August 5— seven months and three weeks old.

CHAPTER XVI.

Camp, Nahun, March 26, 1838.

I SENT off my last journal from Rajghaut, March 23. We got all our goods over the river on Friday evening, and marched Saturday, 24th. The regiment and the cavalry went the straight road, and we made an awfully long march of seventeen miles towards the hills. It was the last day of the dear open carriage, which has been the only comfort of my life in this march. Nothing is so tiresome as all the miserable substitutes for it—three miles of elephant and four of tonjaun, and then a pony. Both men and cattle get so tired in a long march, or when they are employed every day. The road is very pretty all through the Dhoon, and much cooler than the plains. Chance is better, thank you. I knew you would feel anxious about him. His constitution is dreadfully Indianised; but perhaps the hills, and a judicious change of diet, may be of use. However, he is done for as an English

dog; he is just the sort of dog you see at Cheltenham.

We came up to Nahun yesterday morning by means of elephants and jonpauns. The road was very steep, but nothing like that to Mussoorie. The Rajah of Nahun met us at the last stage, and came up the hill with us to-day. He has his palace at the top, a sort of hill fort, and about 100 soldiers—imitations of our soldiers—and a band of mountaineers, who played 'God save the Queen' with great success. He is one of the best-looking people I have seen, and is a Rajpoot chief, and rides, and hunts, and shoots, and is active. Nothing can be prettier than the scenery, and altogether Nahun is the nicest residence I have seen in India; and if the rajah fancied an English ranee, I know somebody who would be very happy to listen to his proposals. At the same time, they do say that the hot winds sometimes blow here and that his mountains are not quite high enough; and those points must be considered before I settle here.

This morning we have been to see the palace, which is an odd collection of small rooms, painted and gilded in curious patterns—of course, no tables and chairs; and indeed the *only* piece

of furniture in the house was an English barrel-organ, and in one of the rooms downstairs there was a full-grown tiger, tolerably tame, and a large iron pot full of milk for his dinner.

Naramghur, March 28.

We rejoined the other camp this morning. We came down the mountains from Nahun on Monday afternoon with great success as far as we were concerned, but a great many of the camels suffered from it, and we passed several utterly unable to move. G. and I rode the last five miles. By remaining at Nahun till the afternoon, we reduced ourselves to one tent—all the others were obliged to go on for to-day's use, and there is something particularly uncomfortable in a general tent.

One chair and table for G. at one end, with a supply of office boxes, two sofas for F. and me, with a book a-piece, and two cane chairs for A. and B., each pretending to read, but looking uncomfortable and stiff. I missed my old parasol about three days ago, and discovered to-day that Jimmund had applied to my jemadar for it, because he thought Chance's ailments were brought on by the sun; and Wright says she

passed him to-day marching down the hill with Chance in one hand and the parasol held over him with the other—a pretty idea. This morning I came on in the palanquin, a wretched substitute for the carriage, but anything is better than sitting bolt upright before breakfast—in fact, it is quite impossible.

W. has had great sport at last—at least, everybody says it is great sport. I cannot imagine anything more unpleasant. They found six tigers at once in a ravine. Two charged W.'s elephant, and three General E.'s; one of them disturbed a hornet's nest, and W. says he has since taken fifty stings out of his face. The bank of the ravine gave way, and he and his elephant came down within a yard of one tiger, which was however too much wounded to do any harm. Altogether the party have killed eight, and are coming back very much delighted with having been very nearly eaten up, and then stung to death.

Raepore, Thursday, March 29.

Only five more days. I get such fits of bore with being doddled about for three hours before breakfast in a sedan-chair, that I have a sort of mad wish to tell the bearers to turn back and go

home, quite home, all the way to England. I wonder if I were to call 'coach,' as loud as I could, if it would do any good. It would be a relief to my feelings. An unfortunate Brahmin came to Dr. D. at Nahun in the most horrible state of agony, from that disease of which poor Mr. —— died. Dr. D. had him carried down, and yesterday he attempted the cure. Anything so horrible as the man's screams I never heard; indeed, I thought it was some animal, and sent out to ask what was the matter. It was the longest and worst operation Dr. D. said he ever witnessed, but the man insisted on it. His family have cut him off, but if he lives, it will be very easy to give him all he wants. He is very ill and had to be carried on thirteen miles in a dhoolie.

Friday, March 30.

That Brahmin is better, and Dr. D. thinks he will live. We had a melancholy letter to-day, with an account of poor Mr. S.'s death. He died of abscess on the liver—of India, in fact. I think his health had begun to fail before we left Calcutta, but we had not heard of his being ill till a week ago. I am very sorry on all accounts. He was an excellent man, and very much to be

loved; and then she is left with eleven children, of whom three only are provided for. It is melancholy to think how almost all the people we have known at all intimately have in two years died off, and that out of a small society. None of them turned fifty; indeed, all but Mr. S. between thirty and forty. Mr. C., who is with us, was saying yesterday that he had been stationed a few years ago at Delhi. 'I liked it; we were a very large party of young men, but I am the only survivor,' and he is quite a young man.

That Brahmin is very much better, and Dr. D. has no doubt he will recover. The Brahmins' diet leaves them so little susceptible of fever, that if they do not sink under an operation they recover rapidly. G. held a sort of durbar to-day, in which he gave the soubadars (or native officers) of the regiment which has escorted us, shawls and matchlocks, the same to the cavalry, and to the native officers of our body-guard. They have all conducted themselves most irreproachably during this long march, and they are a class of men who ought to be encouraged. There were about thirty of them in all; and at the end, after

praising them and their respective colonels, he poured attar on their hands and gave them paun, which they look upon as the greatest distinction.

They were extremely pleased, and all our servants were quite delighted, and said that 'our lordship was the first that had ever been so good to natives.' I am glad it went off so well, for the idea, between ourselves, was mine; and as there is a great jealousy and great fear about liberality, it was disapproved of at first by the authorities, but G. took to it after a day or two, and I mentioned it surreptitiously to ——, who manages that part of the department. G. is quite of opinion that there is too much neglect of meritorious natives, and that it is only marvellous our dominion over them has resisted the system of maltreatment, which was even much more the fashion than it is now. Even now it is very painful to hear the way in which even some of the best Europeans speak to those Rajpoot princes, who, though we have conquered them, still are considered as kings by their subjects, and who look like high-caste people.

Sabathoo, Monday, April 2.

On Saturday evening, at Pinjore, we gave a farewell dinner to all the camp, and went

after dinner to some beautiful gardens belonging to the Puttealah rajah. He is not here himself, but he had had these gardens lit up for us, and the fountains were playing, and all the best nautch-girls had been sent from Puttealah, and altogether it was a very magnificent fête.

People may abuse nautching, but it always amuses me extremely. The girls hardly move about at all, but their dresses and attitudes are so graceful, I like to see them. Their singing is dreadful and very noisy.

We went on to Barr the next afternoon; it is such a hot place that we wished to have as few hours of it as possible. We found —— nearly exhausted by the labour of passing on our goods; every camel trunk takes on an average eight men, and we have several hundred camel trunks of stores alone. Colonel T., the political agent, had, however, arrived with a reinforcement of coolies, and everything was progressing. That Brahmin is so much better that Dr. D. sent him home from here, and we gave him all that he required for his expenses. We were called at half-past three this morning—is not that almost too shocking? human nature revolts from such atrocities—and at four we

were all stowed away in our jonpauns and jogging by torchlight up some perpendicular paths, which might be alarming, but I could not keep awake to see.

We were four hours coming to Sabathoo. Colonel T. provided us with a house. We have had sundry alarms that our beds were gone straight to Simla. Some of the servants knocked up, but upon the whole it has been a less alarming expedition than Sir G. R. said we should find it. Colonel T. has asked all Sabathoo, consisting of nine individuals, to meet us, which we could have spared, considering we are to be up at half-past three again to-morrow.

Simla, April 3.

Well, it really is worth all the trouble—such a beautiful place—and our house, that everybody has been abusing, only wanting all the good furniture and carpets we have brought, to be quite perfection. Views only too lovely; deep valleys on the drawing-room side to the west, and the snowy range on the dining-room side, where my room also is. Our sitting-rooms are small, but that is all the better in this climate, and the two principal rooms are very fine. The climate!

No wonder I could not live down below! We never were allowed a scrap of air to breathe—now I come back to the air again I remember all about it. It is a cool sort of stuff, refreshing, sweet, and apparently pleasant to the lungs. We have fires in every room, and the windows open; red rhododendron trees in bloom in every direction, and beautiful walks like English shrubberies cut on all sides of the hills. Good! I see this is to be the best part of India.

April 7.

This must go to-morrow. Simla is still like Major Waddel, 'all that is brave, generous, and true.' G. and I took such a nice ride yesterday round the highest mountain, to which is given the sublime name of Jacko; but Jacko is a grand animal. You may be quite comfortable about our healths here, as far as climate goes; it is quite perfection, and altogether the Himalayas are sweet pretty little hills. I have just unpacked your picture, which has been four months in a camel trunk, and is more like you than ever.

CHAPTER XVII.

Simla, Good Friday, April 13, 1838.

I HAD better make a beginning at last. A heap of sea letters came this morning, and, amongst others, one of your dear *books* which I have been pining for, and a journal from E. to me, and from T. to F., of the 20th of January, and Mr. D.'s to me the same date; so now I begin to know all about you again—your young days of 1837, and your old age of 1838. I begin to catch an idea of your character—but the state of confusion I have been in for four days between these two packets! There was Miss Ryder the Second reigning in the schoolroom, and I without an idea whether the usurper Capplische had been dethroned and beheaded, or whether it had been a regular succession, a natural death of Capplische, and a young Ryder mounting the throne in right of her descent.

Then Charley was going back to Eton. I never knew you thought of sending him there at

all. I went all about the house, asking about him and his school. The old khansamah could not recollect; the jemadar thought it must be just what the Lady Sahib thought; the aides-de-camp would 'write and ask at once' (their favourite phrase), but still it was not clear—and now I have your letter of reasons and intentions. Then Newsalls had become 'home,' your shell, your manor-house, and you had never explained it to me. Now that I see the damask bed-room, and the girls' rooms, and the library, I am better, though I still think it would have been a delicate attention if you had described cursorily my room. A southern aspect you will of course attend to; I shall be chilly! This dear Simla! it snowed yesterday, and has been hailing to-day, and is now thundering, in a cracking, sharp way that would be awful, only its sublimity is destroyed by the working of the carpenters and blacksmiths, who are shaping curtain rods and rings all round the house. It has been an immense labour to furnish properly. We did not bring half chintz enough from Calcutta, and Simla grows rhododendrons, and pines, and violets, but nothing else—no damask, no glazed cotton for lining, nothing. There is a sort of country cloth

made here—wretched stuff, in fact, though the colours are beautiful—but I ingeniously devised tearing up whole pieces of red and of white into narrow strips, and then sewing them together, and the effect for the dining-room is lovely, when supported with the scarlet border painted all round the cornice, the doors, windows, &c.; and now everybody is adopting the fashion.

Another grievance that took Wright and me by surprise was that, of all our head tailors whom we had brought from Calcutta, none had ever seen the drapery of a curtain. Bengal has no curtains; so Wright had to cut out everything herself. It is in these times of emergency that the value of the European servants rises. Giles has nailed up every curtain himself. G. has made over to him the care of the garden, and he is perfectly happy with it, and in a state of the greatest importance. 'I hope we may have rain to-night, ma'am, and I can bring a few asparagus from my garden, and perhaps you will just look at these tickets. I can manage common things, but my lord's hard names for flowers quite puzzle me.' The kitchen garden is at least half a mile off, down one of the steepest hills, and Giles has been to tell me that unless he has a

pony he really cannot be as much in the garden as he should wish. His horse was left with Webb; I have told him to ride for the present a pony that was sent to G. by one of the hill rajahs, one of what we in our patois call the Mizzer horses, and I fondly hope that if old B. sees Giles on it, he will roll down a precipice with the shock. He will think we are going to appropriate the Mizzers.

This is the first day I have been out of my room, or hardly out of bed for a week.

April 22.

I am quite well again now, thank you, and have begun riding and walking again, and the climate, the place, and the whole thing is quite delightful, and our poor despised house, that everybody abused, has turned out the wonder of Simla. We brought carpets, and chandeliers, and wall shades (the great staple commodity of India furniture), from Calcutta, and I have got a native painter into the house, and cut out patterns in paper, which he then paints in borders all round the doors and windows, and it makes up for the want of cornices, and breaks the eternal white walls of these houses. Altogether it is

very like a cheerful middle-sized English country-house, and extremely enjoyable. I do not mean to think about the future (this world's future) for six months. It was very well to keep oneself alive in the plains by thinking of the mountains, or to dream of some odd chance that would take one home—there is no saying the odd inventions to go home that I had invented—but now I do not mean to be imaginative for six months.

Runjeet Singh wants to see Dr. D., and so he is to accompany Mr. ——, W. and M., who go in about a fortnight, to take G.'s compliments, &c. I was asking Dr. D. who was to keep in our little sparks of life while he is away, and he does not seem to know yet.

April 29.

There never was such delicious weather, just like Mr. Wodehouse's gruel, 'cool but not too cool;' and there is an English cuckoo talking English—at least, he is trying, but he evidently left England as a cadet, with his education incomplete, for he cannot get further than *cuck*—and there is a blackbird singing. We pass our lives in gardening. We ride down into

the valleys, and make the Syces dig up wild tulips and lilies, and they are grown so eager about it, that they dash up the hill the instant they see a promising-looking plant, and dig it up with the best possible effect, except that they invariably cut off the bulb. It certainly is very pleasant to be in a pretty place, with a nice climate. Not that I would not set off this instant, and go dâk all over the hot plains, and through the hot wind, if I were told I might sail home the instant I arrived at Calcutta; but as nobody makes me that offer, I can wait here better than anywhere else—like meat, we *keep* better here. All the native servants are, or have been sick, and I do not wonder. We have built twenty small houses since we came, and have lodged fifty of our servants in these outhouses. Still, there were always a great many looking unhappy, so I got J. to go round to all the houses and get me a list of all who were settled, and of those whose houses were not built, and I found there were actually sixty-seven who had no lodging provided for them. I should like to hear the row English servants would have made, and these are not a bit more used to rough it. There is not one

who has not his own little house at Calcutta, and his wife to cook for him; so they feel the cold and their helplessness doubly, but they never complain. We have got them now all under tents, and their houses will be finished before the rains, but in the meantime I wonder they are all so patient. We have given several dinners, and one dance, which was an awful failure, I thought, but they say the Simlaites liked it. If so, their manners were very deceptive.

Simla, May 7.

We have had the Sikh deputation here for nearly a week. The durbar was put off from Saturday, as we had on Saturday and Sunday two regular hill rainy days, an even down-pour, that was a great trial to the flat mud roofs, and a thick mist quite up to the windows. It is the sort of thing that lasts for two months during the rains, but it has no business to come misting into our houses now. However, the clearing up on Sunday was worth seeing. The hills were so beautiful and purple, and such masses of white clouds sailing along the valleys. The Sikh deputation came on Monday. There are six principal people, one of them a young cousin of

Runjeet Singh's, and another a fakeer who is Runjeet's chief confidant and adviser, and a clever man. He is dressed outwardly as a fakeer ought to be, in coarse, brown cloth; but if that opens a little, there is underneath a gold dress embroidered in seed pearl. Captain M. and I arranged the rooms according to our own fancy, and we made out a much better-looking durbar than when —— takes our house in hand, and desecrates it with ugly white cloth, to insure the natives taking off their shoes. We covered the rooms with scarlet linen, which looked very handsome, and equally insured that etiquette, and saved the appearance of a drying-ground. It is not like a common durbar for tributaries, who are dismissed in five minutes, but this lasted an hour. G., in a gilt chair, in the centre, the six Sikh chiefs and Mr. B. at the right hand, and all the envoys, forty of them, in full dress and solemn silence, in a circle all round the room, and in the folding-doors between the two rooms a beautiful group of twelve Sikhs, who had no claim to chairs, but sat on the floor. And before this circle G. has to talk and to listen to the most flowery nonsense imaginable, to hear it translated and retranslated, and to vary it to

each individual. It took a quarter of an hour to satisfy him about the maharajah's health, and to ascertain that the roses had bloomed in the garden of friendship, and the nightingales had sung in the bowers of affection sweeter than ever, since the two powers had approached each other. Then he hoped that the deputation had not suffered from the rain; and they said that the canopy of friendship had interposed such a thick cloud that their tents had remained quite dry, which was touching, only it did so happen that the tents were so entirely soaked through that Runjeet Singh had been obliged to hire the only empty house in Simla for them. Their dresses were beautiful, particularly the *squatting* group in the centre, and it is a great pity there was no painter here.

Wednesday, May 9.

We were at home yesterday evening. I went to see Miss R. in the morning, and she told me that the ladies at Simla had settled that they would not dance, because the Sikh envoys were asked, and they had no idea of dancing before natives. Considering that we ask forty natives to every dance we give at Calcutta, and that nobody ever cares, it was late to make any

objection; and Miss R. said that she begged to say that being in deep mourning, and not naturally a dancer, she meant to dance every quadrille, if there were any difficulty about it, just to show what she thought of their nonsense. However, they all thought better of it before the evening. There were only three ladies out of the whole society absent, and an absolute difficulty about room for the dancers; and our aides-de-camp had quite a rest, from the ladies being engaged for seven or eight quadrilles. The Sikhs were very quiet and well-behaved. Two of them had seen English dancing before, and were aware that the ladies were ladies, and not nautch-girls; and I hope they explained that important fact to the others. If not we shall never know it, as there are hardly any of them that speak even Hindustani. I own, when some of the dancers asked for a waltz, which is seldom accomplished, even in Calcutta, I was afraid the Sikhs might have been a little astonished; and I think Govind Jus gave Golaub Singh a slight nudge as General K —— whisked past with his daughter; but I dare say they thought it pretty. The victim G. talked to Ajeet Singh viâ Mr. B. all the evening, and occasionally I tried a little topic to

help him, but they would not like much talk from a woman. The poor ignorant creatures are perfectly unconscious what a very superior article an Englishwoman is. They think us contemptible, if anything, which is a mistake. Mr. B. said he had never met with greater quickness in conversation than in that young Ajeet Singh. G. said that he regretted his ignorance of their language prevented his acquiring so much information respecting the maharajah as he wished, to which Ajeet Singh answered, that the Lord Sahib possessed the key of all knowledge in his natural talents and sense. I said to Mr. B., 'Tell them that you are, in fact, Lord A.'s key of knowledge, as you expound everything to him.' He translated this in his usual literal way, and Ajeet Singh paid him some compliment in return, and added, 'But though the rays of the sun strike the earth, it is from the sun itself that the beam draws its light.' They are all in a horrid fright of their master, which is not surprising. G. asked their opinion about a boat, one of the beautiful snake-boats with one hundred rowers which he is going to build as a present to Runjeet, and he wanted them to say what colours, ornaments, &c., would

please him; but they declined giving any opinion on a subject that they had not been instructed to speak upon, and Mr. B. said he actually *heard* Ajeet Singh's heart beat from fear that he might be led into any advice that might be repeated to Runjeet. Amongst the presents they brought there is such a lovely bed, with silver posts and legs, and yellow shawl curtains and counterpanes, and just the size for our little rooms at Kensington Gore. They can be had at Lahore for fifty pounds, and I certainly mean to bring one home. The silver is laid on very thin, and the shawls are not fine shawls, but the effect is very pretty.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Friday, May 11, 1838.

We went yesterday to the Sikh camp to see their troops. W., F. and I went on first, for where G. comes with his tail on there is such a kicking and fighting amongst the horses, that it is not pleasant with a thousand feet of precipices on one side of the road. G.'s horse was more than usually vicious, and came to a regular fight with Sir G.'s. I wish everybody would stick to their ponies in this country. The Sikhs had pitched a very pretty shawl tent for us, with a silver chair and footstool for G.; and the hills all round, with the Sikhs' showy horses and bright dresses in the foreground, made as pretty a picture as it is possible to see. Their soldiers were something like our recruits, I thought, and their firing on horseback was very inferior to that of the local corps we saw on our march. Ajeet Singh joined in the firing at a mark, and seemed to shoot better than any of his followers, but there

were always two or three of them who fired at the same time he did, to make things quite certain. We had to ride home as hard as we could to be in time for a great dinner, and only had ten minutes for dressing. This morning G. had another durbar for a farewell to the deputation, and for giving presents in exchange of theirs. After the Sikhs had retired there were some hill rajahs introduced, rather interesting. One was the brother of an ex-rajah, whose eyes had been put out by the neighbour who took his territories. Another had been dethroned by Goulâb Singh, who is one of the most powerful chiefs, except Runjeet, and a horrid character. Half his subjects are deprived of their noses and ears. This poor dethroned man, after a little formal talk, suddenly snatched off his turban and flung it at George's feet, and then threw himself on the ground, begging for assistance to get back his dominions. He cried like a child, and they say his story is a most melancholy one, but the Company are bound not to interfere. They can only give shelter in their territories.

Monday, May 14.

We had such a dreadful sermon at church yesterday from a strange clergyman. Mr. Y.

always preaches here in the morning, and F. and I go in the afternoon to the church, when he has generally preached again; but yesterday this sick gentleman took it into his head he was well enough to preach. He is rather cracked, I should think, though Y. declares not; but I never will go again when he is to preach. He quoted quantities of poetry, and when he thought any of it particularly pretty, he said it twice over with the most ludicrous actions possible. Then he imitated the voice with which he supposed Lazarus was called to come forth, and which he said must have been very loud, or Lazarus would not have heard it, and so he hallooed till half Simla must have heard. Then he described an angel appearing—'a fine trumpeter;' and he held out his black gown at its full extent, to show how the angel's wings fluttered. All round the church people's shoulders were shaking and their faces hid, and there was one moment when I was nearly going out, for fear of giving a scream. It was a most indecent exit at last. Even Sir G. R. came out, wiping his eyes, and I came home in one of those fits of laughing and crying which we used to have about 'Pleasant but not correct,' or such like childish jokes

which always ended by giving you a palpitation. W. and Captain M. went yesterday with the Sikhs on their way to Runjeet.

Tuesday, May 17.

I have had a great deal to write and to copy for G. this week, and am amazingly backward in my letters, and I opine it must be the knowledge of that fact which has induced the Bombay Government not to advertise any steamers. Monday we had a great dinner. There is a very pretty Mrs. —— up here—a sort of Malibran in look, but more regularly pretty, who also dined with us. Her husband cannot get leave from his office, and she is come up with two children, who look thoroughly Indianised. I always think those wives who are driven by health to be so many months away from their husbands, are rather in a dangerous situation in this country, where women are seldom left to take care of themselves; but she seems to be a very nice person, and there is something in extreme beauty that is very attractive. On Tuesday we dined with the Commander-in-Chief, in order to attend Capt. Q.'s wedding; it was got up with great care by the R.'s. It went off remarkably well—

Miss S. looked very pretty. Miss R., one bridesmaid, is rather handsome, and Miss T., the other, is a very handsome girl, but would have looked better if she had not ridden up from Barr (forty-two miles of the steepest hills) without stopping, whereby the sun had literally burnt all the skin off her shoulders through her habit. I lent her a blonde shawl, but it could not conceal the state of things. Most men talk of riding twenty miles in these mountains as a great feat, and I never can understand the extraordinary exertions that women sometimes make—and without dying of it, too.

There was no crying at the wedding, and the young couple went off in two jonpauns, carried one after the other. There was no spare house in Simla, and they had meant to go into tents, but Capts. N. and M. handsomely offered their house, which is the most retired and one of the best here.

Saturday, May 19.

F. has heard from W., who had been assisting at the evening firing at a mark, which is a constant practice with the Sikhs. Ajeet Singh put in one of his spears at forty yards' distance, and another at sixty, and put a mangoe on the

head of one. He fired twenty times without hitting either. W. hit the mangoe at the second shot, and then hit the other spear three times running, and then thought it better to say he was tired, and could not shoot any more; so the Sikhs all said 'Wah! Wah!' and were pleased. Dr. D. says the thermometer is at 96° in their tents with tatties, and outside there is a perfect simoom. Poor things! it is so pleasant here. All Dr. D.'s medicines and instruments have been stolen from his assistant's tent. The stomach-pump was cut to pieces by the thieves—such a blessing for Runjeet's courtiers! He tries all medical experiments on the people about him. How they would have been pumped!

Simla, Wednesday.

It appears the journal I sent off to you last Saturday will probably pass a month at Bombay, where this may still find it. G., in the plenitude of his power, ordered off a steamer to the Persian Gulf, for the Persians are behaving very ill to us, and the second steamer, which was to have supplied its place and to have taken the overland mail, is disabled. The weather, for Simla, is wonderfully hot — I should say

painfully so, if I did not recollect the plains. Dr. D. writes word that in their houses at Adeenanuggur (Runjeet's abode), with tatties and every possible precaution, the thermometer ranges from 102° to 105°. Calcutta never gets up to that, and then it is comparatively cool there at night; whereas, these hot winds are just the same all through the twenty-four hours. W. does not mind them—at least, he says anything is better than Simla.

Thursday.

Our band played again yesterday at their new place, and it is a most successful attempt for the good of society, very much aided yesterday by the goodness of the strawberry ice. The weather is so dry and hot that Giles allowed us to have as many strawberries as could be picked, as they are all dying away. The strawberries here are quite as fine as in England, but they last a very short time. I never saw anything so pretty as the shrubs are just now. Both pink and white roses in large masses, and several other quite new shrubs. When we were riding yesterday we saw some coolies in the road with boxes on their heads, and I said, 'Let us go to them and

persuade them that one of those boxes is ours; and when we rode up there was one directed to G. We made sure it contained those bonnets of Mr. D.'s, which we have been looking for so long, but it turned out to be books, and a very neat selection—Ernest Maltravers, The Vicar of Wrexhill, Uncle Horace, Kindness in Women, &c., and some very amusing magazines.

We had read the Vicar of Wrexhill last week; I think it such a clever book, though wicked. Those bonnets must come at last. I never see those coolies come trotting along, having traversed half India, unwatched and unguarded, without having the greatest respect for their honesty and perseverance. They get about three rupees per month (six shillings), or sometimes four for walking six hundred miles with a heavy box on their heads.

Saturday, June 9.

We went to the play last night. There is a little sort of theatre at Simla, small and hot and something dirty, but it does very well. Captain N. got up a prospectus of six plays for the benefit of the starving people at Agra, and there was a long list of subscribers, but then

the actors fell out. One man took a fit of low spirits, and another who acted women's parts well would not cut off his mustachios, and another went off to shoot bears near the snowy range. That man has been punished for his shilly-shallying; the snow blinded him, and he was brought back rolled up in a blanket, and carried by six men also nearly blind—he was entirely so, for three days, but has recovered now. Altogether the scheme fell to the ground, which was a pity, as the subscriptions alone would have ensured 30*l.* every night of acting to those poor people. So when the gentlemen gave it up, the 'uncovenanted service' said they wished to try. The 'uncovenanted service' is just one of our choicest Indianisms, accompanied with our very worst Indian feelings. We say the words just as you talk of the 'poor chimney-sweepers,' or 'those wretched scavengers'—the uncovenanted being, in fact, clerks in the public offices. Very well-educated, quiet men, and many of them very highly paid; but as many of them are half-castes, we, with our pure Norman, or Saxon blood, cannot really think contemptuously enough of them. In former days they were probably a bad class, but now a great many Europeans have been

driven by the failures of the banks here, to take that line, and amongst them there are several thorough gentlemen. There were at least fifty of them in one camp attached to government, and I never saw better behaved people. Some had horses, some gigs, and some their nice little wives in their nice little palkees; two wives and two families packed up together, for economy, with the two husbands riding by the side of the carriage. And then in the evening we used to hear A. and B., &c., disputing and lamenting that they could not allow Mr. V. and Mr. Z., and so on, to sit down in their presence. Well! I dare say it is all right, or at least we are all equally wrong, for they are not allowed to enter Government-house; and I see how it would be impossible to ask a *white* Mr. and Mrs. Smith, though they are better-looking than half the people we know, without hurting the feelings of a half-black Mr. Brown. Even at the theatres they have distinct places. Now they have wisely taken to the stage, a great many of the *gentry* were even above going to see them act. However, we went, and lent them the band, and the house was quite full—and they really acted remarkably well, one Irishman in particular.

There is a son of Mr. F.'s amongst them. We always in camp used to call him Sophia; he looked like an actress dressed up in men's clothes—little ringlets, and a little tunic, and a hat on one side. They have got Sophia to act their heroines, and she looks quite at her ease restored to her female style of dress, and is, I dare say, equally a good clerk in General C.'s office. The play was over soon after ten.

Wednesday, June 13.

The weather is very hot here now, much hotter than an English summer; at least nobody can go out after seven or before six, and the nights are very close; but of course everybody says it is a most extraordinary season, as they always do in India. It must end in rain soon; if it does not, the famine of this unfortunate country will be worse than ever. Captain M. and Mr. B. have both been ill with the dreadful heat at Adeenanuggur, and Dr. D. seems very anxious to get them away from there. I am quite sorry for the Doctor. He left his little terrier here at his own house; it was a particularly clever little dog, and he doted on it, and there is very little doubt that it was eaten up, but

whether by leopard or hyena remains a mystery. He will be wretched about it, and it places the happiness of the owners of little dogs generally on a wretchedly insecure footing.

We have had a slight disturbance in our household, the first serious one since we sent away those servants at Benares for taking presents. This time it was rather our fault. The Putteahlah Rajah always sends, with his fruit and vegetables, various bottles, some containing rose-water and the others some sort of spirits. We ought to have broken the last, but we told the native servants to divide everything amongst them, and one of the kitmutgars, who got for his share a bottle of these spirits, asked some of the others to dine with him, took great care to drink nothing but water himself, and persuaded two others to get very drunk with what he called sherbet, and then they began to quarrel. It is such an extreme disgrace for a Mussulman to be drunk, and so degrading in the eyes of all the others, that J. turned them off forthwith. I was against it, as it had been a trick upon them, and partly our fault, but I only insisted on the giver of the feast being turned off too. As these men have only four shillings a week for them-

selves and families, of course they can save nothing, and if they are turned away at a distance from home they really may die of starvation. They went crying about for three or four days, and tried Giles and Wright, who could not interfere; and at last they watched me into my room yesterday, and came with two or three of the head servants to speak for them. I never can resist them; they cry, and knock their heads against the ground, and always make use of such touching expressions—that they are so very wicked, and so very unhappy, and that God forgives everybody their faults, and that they must and will die if they are not forgiven. However, I was very firm, and said I knew it was no use asking Major J., and that I never could look upon them again as respectable servants, and that none of the old servants ever gave them such an example, and would not like to associate with them. But then the old ones turned against me; and then I said, I would give them money to take them home, and then they cried still more about the disgrace; so at last I said I would ask Major J., though I was sure it was of no use, &c. Sometimes he does take it amiss; but this time he said, in his own

diplomatic way, that in fact he had sent them to me, for he knew I should not resist their grief, and as *he* had sent them away he did not know how otherwise to help them. Giles, to whose department they belong, had been miserable about them.

CHAPTER XIX.

Saturday, June 14, 1838.

My last journal departed this life on Tuesday last, and since then, we have had almost unceasing rain, with a great deal of thick white fog, which I rather affection; it somehow has a smell of London, only without the taste of smoked pea-soup, which is more germane to a London fog, and consequently to my patriotic feelings. The rain, last night, washed down one house, and killed the man in it; and the roads have been carried down into the valleys, and the rocks washed into the roads, so that somehow our geography is not so clear as it was; but still it is cool, and what else is there that signifies in India?

My journal must be so very dull here, that I am thinking of converting it into a weekly paper. We do not even give any dinners now (not that they would make any difference). I was thinking how much journals at home are filled with

clever remarks, or curious facts, or even good jokes, but here it is utterly impossible to write down anything beyond comments on the weather. I declare I never hear in society anything that can be called a *thing*—not even an Indian thing—and I see in Sir James Mackintosh's Life, which I am just finishing for the third time, that, in his Indian journal, there is nothing but longings after home, and the workings of his own brain, and remarks on books; whereas, in his English and Paris journals, there are anecdotes and witticisms of other people, and a little mental friction was going on.

I am interested in Indian politics just now, but could not make them interesting on paper. Herât is still defending itself, but the Russians are egging on the Persians, and their agents are trying to do all the mischief they can on our frontier. Two Russian letters were intercepted, and sent to G. yesterday; highly important, only unluckily nobody in India can read them. The aides-de-camp have been all day making facsimiles of them, to send to Calcutta, Bombay, &c., in hopes some Armenian may be found who will translate them. It would be amusing if they turned out a sort of 'T. and

E. Journal;' some Caterina Iconoslavitch writing to my Uncle Alexis about her partners.

I went through the thick fog this morning to visit the R.'s, and found them in a great fuss. They had been trying to get news in every direction without success. 'Pray, is it true, what we heard yesterday morning, that the Governor-General had said he would burn Herât if he could?' I said it sounded plausible, as he probably did not wish Herât to fall into the enemy's hands. 'Well, but then we heard that the Governor-General had said, in the afternoon, that he was against any warlike measure whatever; that contradicts the morning story.' I recommended that they should always believe the afternoon anecdotes, because G. sees people in the morning, and he sees nobody after luncheon, so that what he says to other people might be less than the truth, but that what he says to himself, in the afternoon, must clearly be the real state of the case.

Sunday, June 15.

Still pouring! and our congregation consisted of only eight people besides Mr. Y.; but it cleared at five, and we rode all round 'Jacko,' the imposing name of our highest mountain, as hard as

we could canter. The hills were *really* beautiful to-night, a sea of pinkish white clouds rolling over them, and some of their purple heads peering through like islands. It was a pleasure to look at anything so beautiful and so changeable. The clouds drew up like curtains in massy folds every now and then, and there were the valleys grown quite green in three days, just tinged with the sunbeams, the sun itself hidden; and the *want of shape* for which these hills are to blame on common occasions was disguised by all this vapoury dress. I love hills, but I have discovered by deep reflection that we are such artificial animals, that the recollections of art are much more pleasing and stronger in my mind than those of nature. In thinking over past travels, Rubens' 'Descent from the Cross' at Antwerp, and Canova's 'Magdalene,' and one or two Vandycks at Amsterdam, and parts of Westminster Abbey and of York Minster, come constantly into my thoughts; and I can see all the pictures at Panshanger, particularly the Correggio, and many of those at Woburn and Bowood, as clearly as if they were hanging in this room. There is a bit of grey sky in that 'Descent from the Cross' I shall

never forget, whereas Killarney, and the Rhine, and the Pyrenees, are all confused recollections, pleasant but not clear. And I am sure that in this country, though I do not admire Indian architecture, I shall recollect every stone of the Kootûb and every arch about it, when these mountains will be all indistinct. In short, notwithstanding that 'God made the country and man made the town,' I, after the fashion of human nature, enjoy most what God has given, and remember best what man has done. How do you feel about nature and art? Don't you love a fine picture? After all it is only nature caught and fixed. Another thing is, that all my associations with pictures and statues are those of pleasant society, and friends, and good houses, and youth and happiness, though I should love them for their own sakes too.

Simla, Wednesday, June 19.

I sent off another lump of journal last Saturday, but somehow I feel none of those last letters are sure of reaching you. They will be drowned going overland, after the contrarious way of the world. We might have had your April packet by this time, but the Bombay dâk has not been

heard of at all for five days, and it is supposed the rivers have overflowed and that all your dear little letters are swimming for their lives. Our rains have begun, but they are not very different from English rains—at least hitherto it has been fine half the day. On Saturday morning they began with a grand thunder-storm, and a great splash of water, which would have been pleasant, only that it took a wrong direction, and somehow *settled* in my ceiling, from which it descended in a variety of small streams, after the fashion of a gigantic shower-bath, on my carpet, tables, &c. Giles rushed in at the head of a valiant band of khalasses (Indian housemaids of the male gender), and carried off my books and pictures, and nothing was hurt, only you know your face might have been entirely washed out, which, as there is not another like it, within 15,000 miles, would have been an irreparable calamity. The rest of the house behaved itself beautifully, and my room was put to rights in twenty-four hours. The instant these leaks are discovered, the flat roofs are covered with natives thumping away at the mud of which they are composed, as if noise were no grievance. A strange delusion!

Friday, June 21.

I must copy out an extract from the Loodheeana news, Runjeet's 'Morning Chronicle,' which Captain M. translated from the original Persian.

There is an account of the arrival of our Mission at Adeenanuggur, and then it goes on to say: 'On the following day the Maharajah having alighted in his silver ornamented bungalow, had an order sent through his counsellors and enlightened sages, that the state elephants adorned with golden howdahs should be sent for the purpose of bringing the Mission to the durbar. The newswriters report that before the arrival of the deputation, the troops of the Maharajah, covered from head to foot with silver, jewels, and all manner of beautiful clothes, were drawn up before his doors, and such was their appearance that the jewel-mine, out of envy, drew a stone upon its head, the river sat upon the sand of shame, and the manufacturers of the handsome cloths of Room (Constantinople) and Buper pulled down their workshops. The voices of the praise singers were raised from earth to heaven, and thus they spoke, "O God, may the gardens of these two mighty kingdoms continue prosperous

and flourishing to the end of time. May the enemies of these two rivers of justice and liberality, which day by day receive the waves of victory from the whole world, perish in the stream. May the friends of these two clouds of power, which day by day shower down jewels on the inhabitants of the world, ever be victorious!" As soon as the customary forms of meeting had been gone through, the gentlemen of the Mission were seated on silver chairs. Nearly two hours were occupied in asking questions regarding the health of the Governor-General. After this a letter from his lordship, locked up in a jewelled box, and *every word of which was full* of the desire for an interview with the Maharajah, was presented. The deputation then retired. We shall have more to say regarding this next week.'

What delights me in that is that G.'s health should occupy two hours of enquiry. His illnesses have never been half so long, luckily.

Thursday, June 25.

I have had a letter from Dr. D., who gives a wretched account of their sufferings; the thermometer had been for three days ranging from 107° to 110°. He says W. had at last given in,

and announced that he *could* not live twenty-four hours more, but that he had left him sitting under a fountain smoking his hookah, and in very good spirits; he had little doubt he would live grumbling on. He is sending Captain M. home, and he will be here probably in a week, which I am very glad of. Dr. D. says that he considers him in a precarious state, though his lungs are not yet attacked, but he is so reduced that another week of such weather would be too much for him.

They are all very much occupied in burying a live native—a man who has been described in various travels, who says he has the power of existing in a trance, and who has made a vow to be buried for twelve years. We have seen a great many people who have seen him buried, a guard placed and even a house built over the grave, and who have seen him dug up again at the end of two months apparently a corpse, but he comes *to* again. Dr. D. was quite incredulous, but says in his letter to-day that after hearing all the witnesses, and seeing the man, he has become quite a convert. They were all going to attend the burying in the afternoon, and the man had desired that he might not be

dug up till the Governor-General's arrival at Lahore next November. He offered to come and be buried here, but Runjeet did not approve of it.

We had a musical dinner yesterday, a borrowed pianoforte and singing, and two couples who accompany each other. The flute couple I think a failure, but they are reckoned in this country perfectly wonderful; and they whisper quite confidentially, 'I suppose you are aware that before —— came out to this country, the famous Nicholson said he could teach him nothing more.' I suspect when he goes back the famous Nicholson will find he may throw in a lesson or two with good effect. The other couple are beautiful musicians.

Monday, July 2.

Captain P.'s house was robbed last night of about 80*l.* worth of plate. One of his own servants is supposed to have done it, but there was another house at the other end of Simla broken open at the same time and robbed of the same amount of plate, so there must be a gang of robbers in the bazaar, much to ——'s disgrace. It is considered quite a shocking

—thing to have a robbery in India—pilfering is commendable and rather a source of vanity, but a robbery of an European is a sort of high treason in all native states, and the town pays for that loss.

CHAPTER XX.

Simla, Wednesday, August 8, 1838.

I OUGHT to have begun again sooner, as my last journal was sent off this day week, but it appears it will have to wait at Bombay till the eighth of next month, so, as you may receive two at once, it will be rather in your favour if one week is omitted.

It has rained almost literally without ceasing, with constant fog; but if it is clear for ten minutes the beauty of the hills is surpassing; such masses of clouds about them and below them, and they are so purple and so green at this time of year.

August 18.

We had to go to another play last night. Luckily they only acted two farces, so we were home at ten, but anything much worse I never saw. There were three women's parts in the last farce, and the clerks had made their bonnets out of their broad straw hats tied on; they had gowns with no plaits in them, and no petticoats

nor *bustles*. One of them, a very black half-caste, stood presenting his enormous flat back to the audience, and the lover observed, with great pathos, 'Upon my soul! that is a most interesting looking little *gurl*.'

It seems very uncertain when our next overland-packet will come. The steamers could not get there, and there is nothing but an Arab sailing-vessel to bring the letters here. I have no faith in the Arabs as postmen. I had two here yesterday to draw. They followed Captain B. from Cabul, and are genuine 'Children of the Desert.' They are very unlike our quiet natives, and laughed so much all the time, that I could hardly draw them; but they make excellent sketches. I often wish for Landseer here.

Wednesday, Aug. 22.

There! this must go. We had a great dinner on Monday, and another fainting lady. Somebody always faints here. I myself believe that, though they do not like to say so, it is the *fleas* that make them ill. You cannot imagine the provocation of those animals during the rains. W. was really ill for two days with them—irritation and want of sleep—and was obliged to

see Dr. D. The worst of it is, that the more the house is cleaned and tormented, the worse the fleas get. They belong to the soil, and even the flower-garden is full of them. They say that plague is to cease next month, which is a comfort.

A box of new books arrived yesterday, just as we were at the last gasp—and such a good set! Perhaps the Annuals might have been left out, but other people like to see them; and then, by great good luck, we had not seen one of the other books, though they had been nine months coming. 'Lady Annabella,' 'Ethel Churchill,' 'Pascal Bruno,' &c. We are now in that age of literature. I wish you would buy on my account; a copy of 'La Marquise de Pontange' and 'Le Père Goriot,' and send them out, and I wish you would send yourself out with them. That would be the *real* book to read over again.

[A portion of the journal being lost, these letters of the same dates are here inserted, to carry on the narrative.]

Letter to the Countess of B.

Simla, August 20, 1838.

My dearest Sister,

I am going to run off a few short letters to-day and to-morrow, just to show what I would

have done, if letters would ever go—but they won't. They say there is an accumulation of three months' letters lying at Bombay. There has been a monsoon, and a want of coals, and a burst boiler, and every sort of excuse. I wish, when you are driving about, you would just call at the dockyards * in your neighbourhood, and mention that we are not at all satisfied with the steamers they send us out; that you think yourself, their last bowsprits are a shame to be seen, and you might add, that if you do not get your letters a little more regularly, you really must speak about employing some other cast-iron men. Somehow, out of four steamers at Bombay, there has not been one available, and we are now expecting our letters of June, by some Arab proa, or some sailing-vessel. We may *expect*, I fancy, with a witness! I have not much news for you, as I doubt (though I think you a wonderfully clever woman) whether you are quite up to the *nuances* of the Cabul and Candahar politics.

We gain one little good by this war. The army cannot muster at Ferozepore till the 20th of November, and Sir G. R. wishes G. not to

* Woolwich.

meet Runjeet Singh till he can escort him at the head of 10,000 men, so that gives us three more cool weeks here, and takes off three very hot weeks of the plains. The heat subsides about December. F. and I shall be the only ladies in the whole camp. All our own ladies stay up here, bored to death to be without their husbands, but they would be still more bored if they had to drag their children through another long march. Besides, there are great difficulties this time for tents, carriages, &c., and then it is to be hoped we shall make a much shorter journey, and come up here again.

It has rained without ceasing, since I wrote last—an excellent thing for India, and not so unpleasant for us as it sounds.

When I say 'without ceasing,' it very often stops raining for half an hour in the afternoon, and then the drip and the fog do not count.

We all get on our ponies the moment it is fair, and go cantering past each other, saying, 'How delightful to be out again,' and 'I think we shall get wet'—and then that is enough exercise for two days. It is supposed the rains are breaking up now, as we have had three fine evenings, one

of which we devoted to dropping in after dinner *familiarly* at the Commander-in-Chief's, to have tea and a rubber of whist.

Don't you see how free and easy that looked? Three jonpauns — like upright coffins — rushing rapidly through the bazaar, with a long train of torch-bearers and hirkarus and three aides-de-camp, in full uniform, all '*dropping in.*' G. and I, and Sir G. R., and Colonel U., always play at whist, and the others at a round game, which is much livelier. I rather like whist and think it will be one of the small vices of my old age.

I have been doing a quantity of drawings for the fancy sale. I wish you could buy some. There is a Mr. —— here who draws beautifully, and he is doing a picture for me of three of the fattest objects in nature—my pony, Chance, and Chance's boy. I do not mean Chance's own man, but his foot-boy, the boy who cleans his shoes and whets his razors. He was one of the skeletons whom the servants picked up in the starving districts, and, like most of those skeletons, the re-action has been frightful, and the little wretch is such an extraordinary

figure, particularly seen in profile, that he makes everybody laugh. It will be a curious picture, and I never saw anything so well done as the pony.

I mentioned our fleas to you, I think, in my last letter. They are worse than ever, and bestow their liveliest attentions on W. and me. For the last three nights we have neither of us had any sleep, and the more the rooms are cleaned and worried the livelier the fleas are.

We want some new books. I am sure Mr. Wilberforce's Life will be 'sweet pretty reading.' I have just re-read Mrs. Hannah More's Life; that is a jewel of a book both for amusement and for good. I like it much better than I did the first time; and now I have taken for my morning book in bed (I always wake early) dear Madame de Sevigné for the 117th time. It is a very affecting book amongst other merits. She was such a good, warm-hearted woman, and was not loved enough. I wish she was not dead and was here! We rather want more letters about the fashions. I am quite certain from the unmitigated hatred I feel to the tight bit at the top of my sleeves, that you have all got rid of it, and are swaggering about in the

fullest of sleeves again. Indeed, if you are not, it would be only benevolent to say you are!

Letter to J. C., Esq.

Simla, Wednesday, Aug. 23.

This is to be really a short letter, for I have sent off so many that I have not the fraction of a new idea left; but I feel it my duty to encourage you in your excellent habit of writing. The letters do not come, on account of the monsoon; but still I feel confident, from my intimate knowledge of your character, that yours *is* an excellent habit of writing, when the monsoon does not set itself against it.

I think it has rained incessantly since I wrote to your mother last, and most people have passed their time in mopping up the wet in their houses, but ours has behaved like an angel, and since the first day has never had a leak. The roofs here are all flat and made of mud, beat into a stiff consistency; but when the rain *does* get through, the drippings are of a muddy nature. Captain M., after moving into every corner of his house, used to write under an umbrella, and Captain B. and his companion Dr. S. have dined every day in their house with umbrellas held

over their heads and their dinners. Still I do not dislike the rain so much as most people do. There is often a fine half-hour before sunset, in which it is easy to take a canter, quite long enough for the exercise of the day; and whenever it is not actually pouring, the hills are perfectly beautiful and the evening skies are not amiss. Then it is always cool, and people should make much of that blessing. We had an arrival two days ago of a box of new books; that is, new to us. You may remember them in the early part of the reign of Victoria the First, but the pleasure of seeing them is very great. I have read all our old ones (and we have a great collection) at least three times over, even including the twenty-one volumes of St. Simon, which I read once on board ship and now again here; and it certainly is a wonderfully amusing book. I must have begun it again if the box had not appeared. To think of our only having yet received in this legal, direct manner, the eighteenth number of Pickwick. We finished it six months ago, because it is printed and reprinted at Calcutta from overland copies. Mais, je vous demande un peu—what we should have done if we had waited for the lawful supply, to know Pick-

wick's end. I see you are making a great fuss about copyrights, &c., which I cannot understand as we see it only by bits and scraps; but I beg to announce that I am entirely for piracy and surreptitious and cheap editions, and an early American copy of an English novel for three rupees, instead of a late English one at twenty-two shillings. 'Them's my sentiments' for the next three years at least. As it is, I am reading with deep attention 'Lady Annabella,' by the author of 'Constance,' which was, I remember, a remarkably pretty novel; and so is this, only the heroine will call her mother 'My lady.' I keep hoping it is a joke, and pretend to laugh every time it occurs, but it looks frightfully serious at times. Perhaps the fashion of calling one's mother 'My lady' may have come in though, since my time.

All our plans have come into shape, and rather satisfactorily. We shall not leave this till the first week in November, when the great heat of the plains will be over. We are to meet Runjeet on the twentieth, or thereabouts, at Ferozepore, when also the army will be assembled under Sir G. R.

There will be a review of the army before

it goes down the river; and though we talk of our interview taking only a fortnight, everybody says we shall be kept there a month. That will luckily not leave us time for a very long march, and the probability is that we shall only go to Agra, and come up here again in March.

CHAPTER XXI.

Journal continued.

Simla, Sunday, Sept. 2, 1838.

THIS is your birthday, and an excellent reason for starting again in my journal. I wish you a great many of them, dearest; only please to be economical, and don't spend them lavishly, till I come home to be with you.

We have not done much since my last journal went. We had a meeting of ladies to settle about the fancy sale, which was easily done, as before they came I wrote a paper of proposals and they all read it, and said it would do very well; and if we can only find anything to sell, I dare say we shall sell it very well. It is to be held in a very pretty valley, called Annandale, and G. gives some silver prizes to be shot for by the Ghoorkas, and M. is trying to get up some pony races. The only novelty I suggested was to ask the wives of the uncovenanted service (the clerks in public offices) to send contribu-

tions. This was rather a shock to the aristocracy of Simla, and they did suggest that some of the wives were very black. That I met by the argument that the black would not come off on their works, and upon the whole it was considered that we should not lose consequence, and might be saved trouble, by sending a printed paper round to each of their houses. I have done a quantity of drawings, which Mr. C. is to sell by auction. The rain still continues, but not so unceasing as it was, and as it lets us get out and prevents our giving balls, I think it a very nice time of year.

Wednesday, Sept. 5.

I have had Mr. D.'s June letter, which is always satisfactory, and is one of those *gentlemanlike* epistles (I don't mean *genteel*, but pithy and to the point, and like a gentleman in contradistinction to a lady) that make most eligible letters in these foreign parts. G. always opens and reads Mr. D.'s letters to us before we see them, because he says he gets so much news out of them. Rather cool! What do you think I ought to do about it? Mr. D. and I might have secrets of vital importance, which G. might let out—very unpleasant!

Friday, Sept. 7.

There was such a beautiful plate-chest to be raffled for at the 'Europe shop' here—everything that life could require—silver tea-pot, cream, sugar, forks, spoons, bottle-stands, cruets, &c., and all so pretty. W. took two tickets, and I one, and there were only 26 tickets in all —5*l.* each—so it is a great shame we have not won; but it was thrown for yesterday, and Mr. C. has got it. I am glad, for he wanted it, and is quite delighted.

There was a second prize of a clock, which I could have *put up with*—but did not get it—and a third, of a looking-glass, which nobody wanted, and which Dr. D. won, and now he does not know what to do with it. I advise him to bring it home some dark night, and throw it into the valley behind his house. It may amuse the monkeys, who live there in tribes, and can be of no other use.

No looking-glass in India has *much* quicksilver, but this happens to have none at all, except a few slight streaks here and there.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

You cannot imagine how beautiful our weather is, since a great storm on Wednesday, which

cleared up the rains. Such nice clear air, and altogether it feels English and exhilarating; and I think of you, and Eden Farm, and the Temple Walk, and Crouch Oak Lane, and the blue butterflies, and then the gravel-pit, and your reading 'Corinne' to me; and then the later days of Eastcombe, and our parties there with G. V. in his wonderful spirits, with all his wit, and all the charm about him; and all this because the air is English. I *should* like to go back to childhood and youth again—there was great enjoyment in them.

Monday, Sept. 10.

We had a large congregation yesterday, and an excellent sermon from Mr. Y., whose health, however, does not improve. I have made such a collection of drawings for the fancy sale—*really* very good. I am sorry to say it, for it may sound vain, perhaps is vain, but I persist in thinking them good drawings, and I cannot help thinking you would buy some of them.

Mrs. Chance, with her twins, came to visit Chance *père*, to-day. He was very polite to his wife, but could not endure the young puppies. I am not surprised, for they are nearly quite black, with a little white, but no tan, and with

vulgar, greasy, smooth hair. However, they are only ten days old, and babies, as you know, alter rapidly.

Thursday, Sept. 13.

We had such a nice expedition yesterday afternoon; just the sort of thing your children would have enjoyed (only you never let them come out with me *now*). It was to see two waterfalls, and in Simla, where water is bought at great expense, we make much of a few pailfuls that fall gratis over a rock. The valley is about 3,000 feet below our house, very Swiss, and quite different from the hills—such large cedars, and here and there a little Swiss-looking cottage, with one door and no window. I always wonder *how* ignorant of the ways of the world, the inhabitants of these solitary valleys can be, and how such ignorance feels. No 'crafty boys,' no fashions, no politics, and, I suppose, a primitive religion that satisfies them. There are temples of great age in all these places. I imagine half these people must be a sort of vulgar Adams and Eves, not so refined, but nearly as innocent.

F. and I were carried down, and rode part of the way up, and when there, we clambered about some wonderful places, and I have not laughed so

much for ages. There was a cave to go to, and a smooth rock to descend. G. and Captain J. got me safely to the bottom of the rock, and there we stopped to see Major U., Dr. D., and F. follow. They got half-way, clinging on, by a chain of the servants, to a tree at the top, and then they could get no further. The waterfall made such a noise, that we could not make them hear that there was nothing, in fact, to come for; and their hesitations, and scramblings back again, very nearly killed me. Luckily there was nobody left below to laugh at my return. The jonpaunees made steps of themselves, and I ran up a flight of jonpaunee-stairs very decorously. We are all so stiff to-day, not having walked so much for three years. 'My bones, girl, my bones!' (see Romeo and Juliet). I wonder whether old Mrs. Davenport has died since we left England. What an actress she was!

Monday, Sept. 17.

There! I skip three entire days, for my whole soul is in England, and this letter must go to-day. This morning there came a knock at the door at seven, and Rosina brought me your July letters, with E.'s enclosed. I had scarcely

digested those, when the Calcutta dâk came in, bringing to me your June despatch, which ought to have come with the other June letters exactly one fortnight ago—but never mind! How pleasant it is to have them both! The Coronation seems to have gone off wonderfully well, and must have been a beautiful sight. I suppose we shall have our English papers in two days: I am insatiable for more details. To be sure, if that little Queen's head were quite turned, and she became the most affected and consequential of beings, it would not be surprising. A young creature of nineteen to be the occasion of such a splendid ceremony, and to have brought together all the great people from all the great nations to do her honour, is enough to intoxicate her. She must have great good sense to be so entirely guiltless of *nonsense*.

Letter to the Countess of B.

Simla, Sept. 8, 1838.

My dearest sister,—There was no letter from you by the last overland (June). Odd! Can you account for it? Perhaps you did not write, which might be one reason (though a very insuf-

ficient one) why the letter did not come, but still it was a pity.

I say no more, being held back by the circumstance that you will have been a whole month without a line from us. Our letters of June, July, and August, all leave Bombay this blessed day—Saturday, Sept. 8. Such an accumulation of twaddle! *We* are not to blame; *we* have written—I wish everybody could say as much: but however, as Falstaff says, when he had wrongfully accused Dame Quickly of picking his pocket, 'Hostess, I forgive thee—go. Look to thy servants: cherish thy guests; thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason. Thou seest I am pacified.'

It is such a nice day to-day. The rains ended last Wednesday. After five days of an even down-pour, there came a storm of wind that might have changed the places of some of the little hills, if they had been addicted to hopping, and which devastated my little garden, which happens to be on the windy side of the house, but since that, we have not had a drop of rain. The snowy range has appeared again after a fog of three months. The hills are all blue and green and covered with flowers, and there is a

sharp, clear air that is perfectly exhilarating. I have felt nothing like it, I mean nothing so English, since I was on the terrace at Eastcombe, except perhaps the week we were at the Cape. It is a shame of the storm to have twisted my one honeysuckle into a wisp of dead leaves; to have laid low our only double dahlia, and to have broken off a branch of *the* lavender bush of Simla. All these treasures G. deposited in my little garden at the back of the house, and this is the result of his unguarded confidence. The dahlia was of that rhubarb and magnesia colour which makes you hear the spoon *grit* against the cup as you look at it. Still it was the only double dahlia in India; but that will revive again. The honeysuckle is a mortifying business. Colonel V. has another, and he used to come crowing and stuttering here about this 'cu-cu-cu-curious plant' of his which suddenly took a dwarfish turn and stopped growing; whereas mine had reached the top of the house, and old V. used to call once a week to look at it. Now I don't mind the loss of Colonel V.'s visits, but I did like to make him envious of my honeysuckle. We are all dreadfully within sight of travelling again, but there are still six weeks of

repose, so that I am as deaf as a post when the word '*tent*' is mentioned. Still, the subject of provisions, and marches, and agents and magistrates, must be alluded to.

Don't you think it would be worth my while to buy a pot of paint, out of my own allowance, from the Simla 'Europe shop,' and have the acorns and oak leaves painted *out* of the lining of my tent? The lining is buff, with sprigs of oak leaves, and there is an occasional mistake in the pattern, which distracts me; and there is such an association of dust and bore and bad health with those acorns, that I do not think I *can* encounter them again. We are to leave this on November 5. I mention that openly, because if Guy Faux wishes to keep his '*day*' it would, perhaps, be better and more humane to blow up people who are going into camp, than people who live in houses.

Sept. 13.

I must put this up to-night. This is the first time I have had an evening quite alone, in an English fashion, since we came to India—not even a stray aide-de-camp about. They are all gone to the last of the Simla theatricals. I had seen four out of the five plays, so I excused my-

self, as I am drawing all day for the fancy fair, and wanted to write to you and M. and C. to-night. I was in a horrid fright. —— was going to stay with me, but with great tact he walked off to his own house; and so now, if there were but a carriage-road and a knocker, and a servant in red inexpressibles to announce you, I really should take it kindly if you would drive up, give a double knock, and be announced.

As it is, I am very comfortable. I don't object; but the window is open to the verandah, and I see the little green Ghoorkas (the most hideous little soldiers in the world) mounting guard, with all sorts of outlandish noises. The door is, of course, open to the passage—Indian doors can't shut—and my four hirkarus are sitting cross-legged, wrapped up in shawls, playing at a sort of draughts that they call 'pucheese.' There is not a human being in the house who understands a word of English: the Europeans are all gone to the play, and the head servants go to their own homes after dinner. I have a great mind to call out 'fire and thieves!' as loud as I can, to see what will come of it—it will only break up the game of pucheese; and the hirkarus will think I have gone mad, and respect

me accordingly—they have a great regard for madness. I really think it awful! I wish I could speak Hindustani—I am sure I must want something, only I cannot ask for it. I will tell them to seal this letter, and if they tear it up I shall have made a sad waste of my evening.

Good-bye, dearest sister. Please always write by the overland post.

CHAPTER XXII.

Simla, September 27, 1838.

THE last ten days have been devoted to finishing up my goods for the fancy fair, and I have not touched a pen. Yesterday, the fair 'came off,' as they say, and to-day I am so tired I can't do anything. Once more 'my bones, girl, my bones.' There never was so successful a fête. More English than anything I have seen in this country. Giles and Wright went off at seven in the morning with my goods; and at ten Mr. C. came to go down with me. Annandale is a beautiful valley, about two miles off, full of large pine trees. Colonel V. had erected a long booth for the ladies who kept stalls, and there were mottoes and devices over each of them. 'The Bower of Eden' was in the centre. Before we came to the booth, there was a turnpike gate with a canvass cottage and an immense board, 'the Auckland toll bar,' and Captain P. dressed up as an old woman who kept the gate. On one

side there was the Red Cow, kept by some of the uncovenanted who spoke excellent Irish, and whose jokes and brogue were really very good. There was a large tent opposite the booth for G., and in every part of the valley there were private tents sent by careful mothers for their ayahs and children. There were roundabouts for the natives. W. O. and three of the aides-de-camp kept a skittle-ground, with sticks to throw at, and a wheel of fortune, and a lucky bag, which had great success. G. and F. came soon after eleven, and the selling went off with great rapidity. The native servants had had great consultations whether it would be respectful to buy at my stall, and there were only two or three who arrived at that pitch of assurance; but they were all present, dressed in their finest shawls, and they all thought it very amusing. Half an hour nearly cleared off the stalls, and then Mr. C. began selling my drawings by auction, and made excellent fun of it, knowing the history of every native that I had sketched, and also of all the bidders, and he did it so like an auctioneer: 'I have kept this gem till now, I may call it a gem, the portrait of Gholam, the faithful Persian who accompanied Major L. from Persia, from Herât! I may say

this is a faithful likeness of a man who has witnessed the siege of Herât. Will that great diplomatist, Major L., who is, I know, anxious to possess this perfect picture, allow me to say eighty rupees, or seventy, or sixty?' 'This next picture is the Rajah of Nahun and his sons, and I think it quite unequalled for brilliancy of colouring. I shall have nothing equal to this lot to offer this morning. I bid thirty rupees for it myself—the surpeche in the Rajah's turban is worth the money.' And so he went on, and, I hope, his is the sin of running up the price of the drawings, for I really was quite sorry to see the prices they went at. One group of heads, which only took me three days to do, sold for ninety-five rupees (9*l.* 10*s.*), and my twenty drawings fetched 800 rupees. Considering that the whole proceeds of the sale is 3,400 rupees, that is a large proportion. My stall altogether produced nearly 1,400 rupees. W. and his allies got 160. The A.s and B.s kept an eating stall, but did not make much by it. As soon as the auction was over, we all went to luncheon with them; then the Ghoorkas shot for some beautiful prizes G. gave them, and he gave the sword for the single-stick fighters. Then we all went to W.'s

games. Captain D. was dressed up like an old woman, and Captain P. exactly like a thimble-rigger at Greenwich, and they kept everybody, even Sir G. R., in roars of laughter. It was very amusing to see the grave pompous people, like R., taking three throws for a rupee, and quite delighted if they knocked off a tin snuff-box or a patent stay-lace. Then we had pony races, which ended in old Colonel F. riding his old pony against a fat Captain D., and coming in conqueror with universal applause. And then, the sports having lasted from eleven to five, and everybody amused and in good humour, we all came home. It is lucky it was so very shady, for as it is hardly any of us can see to-day, from being unused to daylight. The best fancy sales in Calcutta never produced more than 2,000 rupees, so this is quite wonderful, considering that the whole of our European society is only 150 people, and many of them have not a great deal to spend. F. did not keep a stall, and I was rather afraid of it at first, for the natives are slow about that sort of novelty, but as soon as they fairly understood it was for charity, which is the only active virtue they are up to, they thought it all quite right.

We had a melancholy death last Sunday—a poor Mrs. G. She lived at Stirling Castle, just above our house, so there never was a day in which we did not meet her, with her two little boys carried after her, either going to fetch Captain G. from his office, or coming back with him. We met her on Friday evening, and stopped to tell her that Lord G. had written to enquire after her. On Saturday evening she was not at all well, and on Sunday morning Doctor W. sent for Doctor D. to consult with him. Doctor D. saw directly that she was in the *blue stage* of cholera, and before we came out from church she was dead; she was within a month of her confinement, but the child died too. The poor husband was in such a dreadful state, and so was the eldest boy, who is about four years old. W. says he never heard anything so shocking as the poor boy's screams. It was necessary to bury her early on Monday morning, and as it is the custom for all acquaintances to attend a funeral, W. went up to Stirling Castle with Colonel B. None but the most degraded natives will touch an European corpse, so the doctors put her into the coffin, and Colonel B. screwed it down, and they were obliged to borrow the boys of our band to carry her to the

grave. Poor Captain G. was not able to go himself, but the little boy had crept out of bed and was clinging to his father, and trying to comfort him. We were to have had a party here in the evening, but put it off, for in such a small society of *Christians*, every possible respect is to be paid to the feelings of any of them.

Wednesday, October 3.

We had our party, which had been put off on Monday, and it went off very well. It is the last meeting of Simla, so everybody came. A great many go down to the plains this week. Poor things! it is about as rational as if a slice of bread were to get off the plate and put itself on the toasting-fork. We have a month more of this place, but there are horrible signs of preparation, camel trunks and stores going off. I very often think I could have a fit of hysterics when I think we are to have *five* whole months this year of those deplorable tents, in all that dust and heat. This day three years we embarked from Portsmouth, so we have only got two years and five months more of India. That is really very satisfactory. I begin to think of what I shall say when I see you again. It really

will be too great happiness; I never can think of it coolly or rationally. It gets into a medley, and I begin to breathe *shortly*, and to have red ears and pains in my elbows, and then I think it is presumptuous to look on so far; but still it is not so very, very far.

Saturday, Oct. 6.

It was a shocking sight last night, to find the road littered with camel trunks, and beds, and flocks of goats, and dishes and stoves—all the camp preparations of the A.s. They are the first family who have gone down to the plains, much, I should think, to the detriment of the two babies; for they say the heat still is dreadful, and they go into it from this nice climate, which is almost frosty now. But those camp preparations, I am happy to say, made everybody ill. Even Mrs. E., who is going to stay up here, said she went home quite affected by the recollection of the trouble of last year. I really think I can't go.

We had such an evening of misfortunes on Thursday. We were all playing at loo, the doors open, house door and all, as is usual in India, when the most unearthly yell was set up, apparently in the passage, and this was repeated three

or four times, and then all the servants seemed to be screaming. 'A leopard carrying off Chance!' was the first thing everybody said, and all the gentlemen ran out, when it proved to be one of Dr. D.'s jonpaunees, who was lying asleep at the door, and had had a violent nightmare; and though three others laid hold of him, he rolled himself off the verandah into the valley below. However, he was not the least hurt. But that set all our nerves on edge. Then, when we went to bed, I heard violent hysterics going on in the maids' room, and that turned out to be Myra, F.'s ayah, whose husband lives with W. O. They are never a very happy couple, and all of a sudden, he took up a stick and beat her dreadfully, and she had run off from his house, leaving her baby on the floor. We sent and redeemed the baby, but it was a long time before Myra could be pacified, and sent off to sleep at Rosina's house. W. turned off Lewis the next morning, who immediately went and made it up with his wife, who came this morning and said she must go too. My poor old Rosina continues to be very ill, coughing and spitting blood, which is very often the case with the Bengalees here. I am going to send her down to Sabathoo on

Tuesday, with Mrs. A. Sabathoo is a very hot place, and may very likely cure Rosina; but she does nothing but cry now, poor old thing, at the idea of going, and insists upon dying here, but I think she will get well in a warm place. One man whom we sent down to the plains, apparently in the last stage of decline, has got safe to Calcutta, and is quite well again. I suppose this is a very bad Siberia to them.

There has been great excitement and happiness in our household. Captain J. wanted to do something kind by the servants on his giving up the charge of them, and wished to have the wages of a few of his favourites raised. I thought that would raise a host of malecontents and petitioners, and suggested that a reward for length of service (as the Company will no longer pension off old servants) would be a popular and useful measure, and he took to it kindly, and by leaving two or three places vacant, we shall not entail any additional expense on our successor. There were several who had been at Government House more than thirty-five years, fifteen who had been between twenty and thirty years, and more than twenty who had served fifteen years. We made three classes of them, and gave them

two rupees, and one rupee, and half a rupee per month additional pay, which measure has diffused universal satisfaction, only it occasions constant references to the house-book, for natives never know anything about time; so some of them, who had been there about five years, declare it must be nearly fifteen. Had you a good eclipse of the moon last night? I never saw a really handsome one before; but I dare say yours is quite another moon, and another earth altogether.

Tuesday, Oct. 9.

Poor Rosina set off to-day; she seemed very low, but the air now is so keen here that she naturally felt worse. She fancies she is only going to stay a week, but Dr. D. says she must stay there till we pick her up on our way to the plains.

We have begun doing a little bit of packing, that is, I have made a grand survey of my wardrobe, and found that I had fourteen gowns to bestow on Wright, besides three of which she is to give me the loan, till we leave this place. Then I start clear for the march, six *superb* morning gowns and six evening ditto, some the remains of M.'s last supply, and some

G.'s French gowns. I calculate they will enable me to make a very creditable appearance till I meet your treasure of a box at Agra. Nothing can be more judgematically planned.

Friday, Oct. 12.

They say this must go to-day, which I believe is a mistake. However, it is better to run no risks. I have been writing to R. to send us out 'Nicholas Nickleby' overland. Does not that book drive you demented? and I am sure it is all true. I remember years ago a trial about one of those Yorkshire schools where all the boys had the ophthalmia, and one boy had his bones through his skin, and none of the boys were allowed a towel; and these atrocities put us all into one of those frenzies in which we used to indulge in youth. I dare say Dickens was at that school. I wish he would not take to writing horrors, he realises them so painfully.

I am so busy to-day, I have hardly time to write. G. wants to give Runjeet a picture of our Queen in her coronation robes. The Sikhs are not likely to know if it is an exact likeness as far as face goes, and the dress I have made out quite correctly, from descriptions in the

papers and from prints, and it really is a very pretty picture. It is to be sent to Delhi to-morrow, and it is to have a frame of gold set with turquoises, with the orders of the Garter and the Bath enamelled. In short, it will be 'puffect, entirely puffect,' but I think they ought to give me Runjeet's return present, as it has cost me much trouble to invent a whole Queen, robes and all. We are all quite well. God bless you! My next letter will be from camp. 'Mercy on us,' as S. would say, but it is a comfort to think we shall end here again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Saturday, Oct. 20, 1838.

I THINK it looks ill, that I have let a whole week go by without a touch of journal; but nothing particular has happened, and it does not mean any coldness, you know, dearest. I have spent a week more of the time I am to be away from you, so I could not be better employed.

Monday we gave a dinner, Tuesday we dined at the R.s. Met Mrs. —— and a newly-married couple, the husband being an object of much commiseration. Not but what he is very happy, probably, but he married the very first young lady that came up to the hills this season; she was 'uncommon ordinary' then, and nothing can look worse, somehow, than she does now. I dare say she is full of merit, but I merely wish to observe, for the benefit of any of your sons who may come out to India, that when they have been two or three years in a solitary station they should not propose to the very *first*

girl they see. However, I dare say the ——s are very happy, as I said before.

We had such an excellent play last night, or rather two farces, acted chiefly by Captains X. and M., and Mr. C. and by Captain Y., one of Sir G.'s aides-de-camp. Captain X. is really quite as good as Liston, and I think he ought to run over a scene or two every evening for our diversion. It is supposed that R. was never seen to laugh till he cried before, which he certainly did last night. It is astonishing how refreshing a real, good laugh is. I have not had so good a one for ages.

Tuesday, Oct. 23.

The work of packing progresses, and there are no bounds to the ardour with which everybody labours to make us uncomfortable. This day fortnight we are to be in our wretched tents, that is, if we really do not find ourselves unequal to the shock at last. There was an idea that coolies enough could not be raised at last, as everybody goes away at the same time, so instead of 3,000 at once, we have 1,000 three times over, and as soon as they have taken one set of camel trunks to the plains they come back for another, so we spread our

discomfort, thus over a wide surface. I have succumbed to such a temptation to-day—I wish I had not, and yet I am glad I did—a large gold chain, two yards long, of the purest Indian gold. I could not let it escape me, and yet I know I should like to have the money to spend at Lahore.

Wednesday, Oct. 24.

To-day was a day of mysteries for Simla. R. came to breakfast with us, and did half an hour's business with G., and that put his family into a fever. News had arrived yesterday that the Persians had abandoned the siege of Herât, and so the ——s fancied that the Cabul business would be now so easy, that R. would not go in person.

G. and I were walking in the evening, and met the ——s, who said they had never passed such a day of curiosity, evidently thinking, poor new-married dears, that they were not going to part for ten years. Mrs. —— said to G.: 'Now for once, Lord A., tell us a secret; what did R. go to you about?' 'Why he came,' G. said, 'to ask where we bought our potatoes, they are so remarkably good.' The other mystery was, that Captain Y. said he

had been eight hours trying to prevent two gentlemen from fighting, and we cannot think of any fightable people at Simla. You never saw so lovely an ornament as a great Lucknow merchant brought yesterday. A bunch of grapes made up of twenty-seven emeralds, the smallest emerald the size of a marble, and all of such a beautiful colour; there are large pearls between each, and it is mounted on a plain green enamel stalk. It looks like the fruit in Aladdin's garden. We want G. to buy it for his parting present to Runjeet Singh. They were to have exchanged rings, and a ring, one single diamond without a flaw, valued at 1,600*l.*, was to have come up from Calcutta this week, but it has been stolen from the dâk. It was insured, but still it was a pity such a good diamond should be lost.

Friday, Oct. 26.

We rode to Mr. B.'s yesterday, knowing that otherwise that bunch of grapes would be slurred over, and not even mentioned to us. I began by saying, we thought it beautiful, and just the present for a great potentate, upon which B. said: 'Yes, it is almost too expensive, but I was thinking of asking his

lordship to let me present it to Shah Soojah.' Luckily, that was too much even for G., and he said: 'No, if I allow it to be bought at all, it could only be for a Governor-General to give away; besides, we are going to give Shah Soojah a kingdom, which is quite enough without any presents.'

'A defeat,' I thought, and Mr. B. looked as if emerald grapes were remarkably sour, and on our ride home G. said he meant to take them for Runjeet Singh.

Tuesday, Oct. 30.

G. took a fancy on Saturday to go, after dinner, to play at whist with Sir G. R., so we all jonpauned off, and very cold it is at night in those conveyances. The cold brought a bilious attack I have been brewing, to a crisis, and I had one of the worst headaches I ever had in my life, on Sunday, and could not sit up for a moment. It is the first day's ailment I have had since the week we came to Simla, and very lucky that it came before we go into camp. This day week we start. 'No ind to my sufferens!' as some novel says.

Thursday, Nov. 1.

There! now I am quite well again, and in travelling condition; and perhaps, setting off in

such good health, marching may not be so fatiguing as it was last year. We have had nothing but take-leave visits the last three days. Mrs. R. sets off to-morrow with her own children and those two little orphaned G.s, whom she is taking to England. The wives to be left here are becoming disconsolate and fractious.

Dear J. left us for good this morning. I do not think he cared much for *us*; but all the old servants, of whom he has had the care for eleven years, went with all their Eastern, devoted-looking ways and took leave of him and quite overset his nerves, and he went off in a shocking state. After taking leave of F. he quite broke down in G.'s room, and could not come to mine; and my jemadar came in with large tears running down: 'Major Sahib so unhappy. He say he not able to speak to ladyship—he cry very much!' I asked if they were all sorry he was going. 'Yes, very. He very old gentlemen at Government House, and know everything, and very just.' And then, to wind it up with a fine piece of language, 'he *adapt* properly well to all lordship's poor servants.' What that means I have not a guess, but I think it sounds comfortable; and I see now that the fault of India is that

nobody 'adapts properly well' to my English feelings.

Sunday, Nov. 4.

After service to-day, the dining-room was given up to Giles and the Philistines, the carpets taken up, and a long country dance formed of the camel trunks and linen-presses that we leave behind; and now we dine and live in the drawing-room, which, without its curtains and draperies, and with its crude folding doors, looks like half a ball-room at a Canterbury inn. Poor dear house! I am sorry to see it despoiled. We have had seven as good months here, as it is possible to pass in India—no trouble, no heat; and if the Himalayas were only a continuation of Primrose Hill or Penge Common, I should have no objection to pass the rest of my life on them. Perhaps you would drive up to Simla on Saturday and stay till Monday.

Monday, Nov. 5.

I had much better not write to-day, only I have nothing else to do; but the September overland post is come (the August is missing), and I always have a regular fit of low spirits that lasts twenty-four hours after that. This is your Newsalls letter, and dear T.'s account of

the archery and country balls, and the neighbours; and it all sounds so *natural* and easy, and I feel so *unnatural* and so far off. Just as you say, we have been here very little more than half our time, and I am sure it feels and is almost a life.

It will be nearly six years altogether, that we shall have been away, if we ever go home again; and that is an immense gap, and coming at a wrong time of life. Ten or fifteen years ago it would have made less difference, your children would still have been children; but now I miss all *their* youth, and *ours* will be utterly over. We shall meet again

> When youth and genial years have flown,
> And all the life of life is gone.

I feel so very old, not merely in look, for that is not surprising at my age, and in this country, where everybody looks more than fifty; but just what Lady C. describes in her letter, the time for *putting up* with discomforts has gone by. I believe what adds to my English letter lowness, is the circumstance that carpets, curtains, books, everything is gone from my room, and I am sitting in the middle of it, on a straw beehive chair, which the natives always use when they *do*

admit a chair, with Chance's own little chair for my feet, and the inkstand on the ledge of the window. I wish I was at Newsalls. There! now they want my inkstand.

Syree, Tuesday, Nov. 6.

The beginning of a second march, and so I had better put this up and send it. We left poor Simla at six this morning, and if I am to be in India I had rather be there, than anywhere. We have had seven very quiet months, with good health and in a good climate, and in beautiful scenery. That is much as times go. As for this march, I cannot say what I feel about it. It began just as it left off.

We arrived to breakfast here, and the coolies have been fractious, and so, when I took off my habit, I had no gown to put on; the right box is not come, and I have no bonnet to put on for the afternoon's march.

We are in the dâk bungalow, two white-washed empty rooms, with streaks of damp and dirt all over them. We have been breakfasting in one, and all the *deserting* husbands have joined us. To be sure St. Cloup is a jewel of a cook for this sort of thing. He came here in the night and prepared the breakfast we have had, and the

luncheon we are going to have. He is now gone on to Sabathoo, where we shall find dinner, and he meant to go on again at night to the tents, halfway between Sabathoo and the camp, to arrange to-morrow's breakfast and luncheon. God bless you, dearest M.!

There is a ship lost—'The Protector'—just in the mouth of the river. It was bringing troops and several passengers, but none whose names we know. There is only one soldier saved out of the whole crew.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Buddee, Friday, Nov. 9, 1838.

I SENT you my last journal the day before yesterday, having brought our history down to the beginning of our second year's march.

The tents look worse than ever, inasmuch as they are a year older, and the new white patches look very *discrepant*; but one week, I suppose, will make them all a general *dirty brown*. The camp looks melancholy without any ladies or children; I miss Mrs. A. particularly. Our dear friend Mr. C., of Umballa, who magistrated us last year, joined us again at the foot of the hills, and had the bright idea to station his gig at the first passable bit of the road, which, as I was shaken into small atoms by eight hours of the jonpaun, was a great relief. Moreover, after seven months of the hills, a wheeled carriage was rather a pretty sight, and I began to think of the rapid advance of science, and the curious inventions of modern times.

We are obliged to stay here, to give time for the things to come up. The old khansamah wanted another day for his arrangements, and it is impossible to refuse him anything, for he never makes a difficulty, and very seldom owns to one.

When we stopped half-way between Sabathoo and this place it was a double march, and there was not a thing come up, not even a chair; and there the dear old khansamah, with his long white beard, went fussing about, in and out of the tents and the trees, and there were fires burning amongst the grass, and tea made in a minute; and then he came with half-a-dozen fresh eggs, which he must have laid himself, and a dish of rice, and in ten minutes we had an excellent breakfast. I met my new horse on the plain, such a beautiful animal, like an Arabian in a picture book, with an arched neck and an arched tail, and he throws out his legs as if he were going to pick up a pin at a great distance. W. was riding it in a prancing sort of manner, that made me think it was the high-spirited animal its former owner described, and to which its present owner would particularly object; but I am happy to say that is a mistake. I rode it one

day alone with Captain X., and to-day with G., whose horse was enough to drive any other mad, and my beauty did not care a straw.

'I am glad, Miss Eden,' Webb said, 'you did not take fright at first sight, because the horse would have found you out directly; and he is about the best horse in our stable, which is saying a good deal. I rode him all the way from Kurnaul, and I think it was as much like sitting in a good, easy chair as anything ever I felt.' I think if the horse had a view of Webb in his travelling costume, he would not consent to be an easy chair under him: a flannel jacket, with leathers, and leather gaiters, and an immense hat made of white feathers and lined with green, supposed to keep out the sun; and now he has set up a long beard, and he rides by the side of the carriage, either common fashion or sideways, if he is exercising one of our horses. G. says he wonders how the Sikhs will describe him in their journals. We have at last arrived at the possession of Mr. D.'s bonnets, which were packed up exactly a year ago, and have come out as fresh as if the milliner's girl had just stepped over with them, from the shop at the corner, the blonde inside looking quite *blue* and fresh, and the gauze

ribbon just unrolled. It is very odd, and I am of opinion it would be clever, even now, to have ourselves put up in tin and soldered, till it is time to go home. We should alter *no more*. The bonnets are particularly pretty. I mean to appear in mine at Ferozepore, to give Runjeet some slight idea of what's what in the matter of bonnets.

Mattae, Monday, Nov. 12.

We made our first march on Saturday to Nallyghur: roads bad, horse an angel. The carriage could not be used. G. drove me the last half in Mr. C.'s gig, and Mr. C. drove F. We went on the elephants to see Nallyghur on Sunday afternoon. It is a pretty place, and the old rajah has a very nice little palace on the top of a hill, looking into his village, and he is a nice gentleman-like old man, very fair, with lightish hair, which is, I believe, a disease almost amounting to leprosy, but it did not look bad—quite the contrary, rather *distingué* and European. All the Sikh chiefs under Mr. C.'s care look comfortable; he makes them keep their roads and palaces in good order. Mrs. C. had a melancholy accident the other day. She was

out riding with her children; one of her bearers touched her mule, which kicked and threw her over its head. She broke one arm in two places, and dislocated the other wrist. Mr. C. was away, and there was no doctor nearer than Sabathoo; she remained four days with these broken arms before Dr. L. could be fetched from Sabathoo, but her arms are set, and she is recovering very well. That want of a doctor must very often be a sore distress in India. A Mrs. R. at Simla, whose husband was sent as Resident to ——, where she is to join him, came in tears to see us last week, saying she had two sickly children and there was not a doctor within one hundred miles, and she wished I would mention it to G. I thought what a state you would have been in, and how you would forthwith have removed your Major R. from his residency. The doctors are all wanted for the army, so I did not think she had much chance, but G. happily had one spare one at his disposal, and the poor little woman was very grateful.

We had a great storm of rain last night at Nallyghur, and brought it on here with us; and I suppose there never were such a set of miser-

able animals seen, *sloshing* about what may be called our private apartments in overshoes, and with a parasol stuck up in particularly thin places—the servants all shivering and huddled together, palanquins wanted to take us to breakfast and dinner—in short, a mess.

Roopur, Tuesday, Nov. 13.

This is the memorable place where Lord William and Runjeet had their meeting, 'where those sons of glory, those two lights of men, met in the vale of Roopur. You lost the view of earthly glory. Men might say, till then true pomp was single, but now was married to itself, &c.' What is that quoted from? You don't know—you know nothing. But as touching this scene of glory, it is a large plain—in short a slice of India—with a ruinous fort on one side and a long narrow bazaar of mud huts on another, the Sutlej running peacefully along about a mile from our encampment. We have the same tents Lord W. had, at least facsimiles of them; therefore we are quite up to the splendid meeting. Perhaps our tents are a shade handsomer, being a very deep chocolate colour owing to the rain of yesterday. They were of course let down into the mud and have acquired

that rich, brown hue. Moreover, it occurred to me that my feet were very cold to-day, and at last I discovered that the wet oozed out of the setringees (an Indian excuse for a floor cloth) at every step, and I had them taken up, and the tent is littered profusely and handsomely with clean straw, giving the whole the air and odour of a rickety hackney coach. G. observes every day, as he did last year, 'Well! I wish Sir Charles Metcalfe could see us, and explain why this is a luxurious method of travelling.' The sufferings of the cattle, as usual, make the morning's march hateful. We have lost seven camels and two bullocks in seven days, and generally come in for a view of their dying agonies.

Wednesday, Nov. 14.

I cannot put any names to these places, but we are three marches from Loodheeana. I had such a pretty present this morning, at least rather pretty. It is a baby elephant, nine months old, caught at Saharunpore by the jemadar of the mahouts, and he has been educating it for me, and offered it by means of Captain D., his master. W. and I have been looking about for some time for a gigantic goat for Chance to ride

on great occasions, but a youthful elephant is much more correct, and is the sort of thing Runjeet's dogs will expect. It just comes up to my elbow, seems to have Chance's own little bad temper and his love of eating, and is altogether rather like him. I had no idea such little elephants were valuable, but it appears that they are, as the baboo told me, 'quite a fancy article, great rajahs like them for little rajahs to ride on.' The mahout would not take any money, so I had it valued and it is worth about forty pounds, and I got Mr. C. to present him with a pair of shawls and a pair of bracelets to that amount, accompanied by a neat Persian speech, which C. thought was worth about an equal sum. The blue shawls would have suited my own complaint exactly. The investiture took place in my tent, and the excellent mahout was much affected, Mr. C. says by his speech, *I* think by the blueness of the shawls, and the man probably regretted his little elephant.

There has been an exchange of thirty elephants with various chiefs, in the course of the last ten days. Chance never means to part with his, and as Captain D. observed in his slowest tones, 'In about forty years, that will be a very

handsome elephant,' very interesting, because it would naturally be very vexatious to me if, forty years hence, it were to turn out a great gawky beast. Jimmund came with Chance under his arm to make a salaam, and when I asked what was the matter, he said he came to say he was very glad that *his* Chance had got a *Hotty*. You are of course aware that we habitually call elephants *Hotties*, a name that might be safely applied to every other animal in India, but I suppose the elephants had the first choice of names and took the most appropriate.

CHAPTER XXV.

Thursday, Nov. 15, 1838.

THE August mail came in to-day; a week after the September packet. Your dear, good letter has come both these last times without making its usual Calcutta detour, which is very clever of it. Certainly Newsalls is a very nice place; mind you don't let it slip through your fingers till I come trotting up to the door on my elephant forty years hence.

Friday, Loodheeana.

The cavalry and the artillery and the second regiment of infantry that is to make up the escort met us this morning, and the salute was fired by the howitzers that G. has had made to present to Runjeet. They are very handsome, ornamented more than our soldiers think becoming, but just what Runjeet would like; there is the bright star of the Punjâb, with Runjeet's profile on the gun; and Captain E. says that thousands of Sikhs have been to look at these

guns, and all of them salaam to Runjeet's picture as if it were himself.

Sunday, Nov. 18.

They have been building a small church at this station, and though it is not finished, they were very anxious Mr. Y. should try it, as it is uncertain when another clergyman may pass through Loodheeana; so all our chairs and foot-stools were sent down to be made into pews, and Mr. Y. preached a very good sermon. There are three American missionaries here, but they have not made any conversions.

—— —— is gone to hunt up Runjeet, who always gives himself the airs of being missing when he is to have a meeting with any great potentate, and goes off on a hunting expedition. He is generally caught in time, but it is a matter of etiquette that neither party should appear to wait for the other, so if Runjeet goes out hunting G. must stop to shoot or fish. It will not detain us long if we stop to eat all he can kill here.

Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 19 and 20.

We have marched ten miles each day without having seen tree or building, I believe. Chance's elephant comes every afternoon to show himself, and his education is progressing rapidly, under

the care of a splendid individual in a yellow satin dress, who has received the very responsible situation of his mahout. He has already learnt to kneel down, and the excellent joke of filling his little leech of a trunk with water and squirting it at anybody who affronts him.

Chance and he are frightfully alike in disposition—greedy and self-willed; and, barring the nose, very like in look.

Wednesday, Nov. 21.

The camp was very noisy the first two nights, and X. went round to the various commanding officers and made fresh arrangements with the sentries, who I fancy must have cut off the heads of any man, camel, or elephant, who presumed to speak or howl, for there has not been a sound since. 'Gentlemen who cough are only to be slightly wounded,' as the 'Rejected Addresses' say. It really is tempting, for the tent-pitchers with all their wives and all their children have set up their marching coughs, and as they sleep round their pitchees, there is a continual sound of *expectoration* going on. Rosina was robbed by her hackery driver. X. had the man up before D., and the money is restored.

I had a little domestic complaint to send to him last night.

I always think these domestic stories may amuse you in England, from their contrast to the habits of that excellent country, from which I have been inveigled. There is a servant called the sirdar-bearer, or head of all the palanquin and tonjaun bearers, whose business it is to walk by the side of the palanquin and see that the bearers carry it rightly.

This has been rather a sinecure with us, but the man has always been a good little servant and has attached himself to me, and is supposed to be always at the door of my tent with an umbrella; he keeps the tonjaun in readiness, and in Calcutta he always slept at my door, and was in the way for everything that was wanted. In short, 'Loton' was a general favourite, and supposed to be remarkably active. To my surprise, he came in yesterday to say that he could not possibly go with my palanquin every morning, the roads were so bad, he found it tired him. In short, he evidently wanted a place on an elephant, which the servants who wait at table have; but bearers are a class who can walk thirty miles a day; and it was very much like your coachman asking to travel *in* the carriage, as it was too much trouble to drive. I said he had better go to

Captain X. when he was in difficulties, and that I did not doubt Captain X. would find one of the other bearers who would be happy to take the place of sirdar, and that Loton would then only have to carry the palanquin half-way. (At present he carries nothing.) I told Captain X. this morning, and I thought he would have had a fit. He is not yet accustomed to the notion of the number of people who are merely kept for show and even for work; there is a double set for everything. F. and I have each thirty-two bearers, where other people have eight, that there may never be a difficulty; and the idea that I was to direct my own bearers on the road struck X. as remarkably amusing.

I should think it would have been, as I have not a single Hindustani word to say to them. I left it to him to settle, and poor Loton is degraded to the ranks. He cares very much about the gold-laced livery and still more about the two rupees a month, which he loses. A bearer lives on that, and sends all the rest home. They all come from the neighbourhood of Patna, never bring their wives, but live together like a large family, in fact, sell themselves for so many years, and then, when they have earned enough

to buy a bit of land, go home for life. I hope Captain X. means to allow himself to be entreated like Major J., for I shall die of it if Loton is not restored in time. He was a great favourite of Lord W.'s, and I rather think I spoilt him by raising his wages partly on that account. Captain X. has the real Indian feeling that a servant objecting to an order is a sort of depravity that cannot be put up with—in short, that cannot be believed. I said that, as it was a first offence, he should be as lenient as he could, and he said, 'Certainly, it would be very lenient only to turn the man away. I assure you, Miss Eden, a native would have put a man to death, who had refused to run by the side of his palanquin!' I think I see myself cutting off Loton's head with a pair of scissors. It is very awful to think of the number of petty rajahs in the country who have the power of life and death over their followers. It must be very often abused.

Saturday, Nov. 24.

We have had three short marches. I am not much better. Except for the march, I keep as quiet as possible, and have not been over to any meal, or out of my own tent,

except to sit in an arm-chair in front of it between five and six. I always think the weather very trying in the plains. In the morning the thermometer was at 45°, and we were all shivering with shawls and cloaks on, and at twelve the glass rose to 83°, and we are now sitting under punkahs with a small allowance of clothes. That happens every day, and I cannot think it wholesome. There was an interesting arrival from Delhi this morning, my bracelet with G.'s picture, which I had sent back to have a cover fitted to the picture, and it has come back so beautifully mended—with a turquoise cross on an enamelled lid. Then Mr. B., who superintended my private bracelet, undertook on the public account a frame for my picture of the Queen, which is to be given to Runjeet, and the frame came with the bracelet. They had not time for the beautiful design of all the orders of the Garter and Bath, &c., which I wanted, and so only made the frame as massive as they could. It is solid gold, very well worked, with a sort of shell at each corner, encrusted with precious stones, and one very fine diamond in each shell.

The materials come to about 500*l*., forty jewellers worked at it night and day, and the

head jeweller expects a khelwut, or robe of honour, with a pair of shawls, for his activity. It will be a very handsome item in the list of presents, and is to be given in great form.

One of Runjeet's chief sirdars came into camp to-day, and there was a very fine durbar, as he was to be received as an ambassador. He is a great astronomer, and there was luckily at the Tosha Khanna an orrery and some astronomical instruments which G. added to his presents, and the man went away, they say, quite delighted. Every evening there is to be an arrival of one hundred jars of sweetmeats, which is a great delight to the native servants.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Camp, Ferozepore, Wednesday, Nov. 28, 1838.

I PUT up a large packet to you on Saturday, which will accompany this; but I was shy of making it thicker. Sunday, the whole camp was glad of a halt; the sandy roads tire all the people much.

There was a very large congregation at church, I was told; we have so many troops with us now, and Y.'s preaching is in great reputation. On Monday we marched eleven more miles with the same dusty result. The chief incident was, that G. was to have tried an Arabian of W. O.'s, which is a perfect lamb in a crowd, and was intended to officiate at the great review 'as is to be;' but the syce by mistake gave him another horse of W.'s which pulls worse than G.'s own horse. F., who was riding with him, assured him that the Arabian had such a tender mouth that it was only chafing because he held it too tight: he loosened the bridle—away went the horse like a shot, and

away went twenty-five of the body-guard after him, thinking it was his lordship's pleasure to go at that helter-skelter pace: away went M. who is on duty; in short, nothing could be finer than the idea; but they all pulled up when they saw how it was. G.'s horse galloped on two miles for its own amusement, and then he made it go another for his, and finally changed it for his own horse, whose merits rose by comparison. I was in the carriage behind, and W. came up in the greatest fuss—having heard of the mistake—and just as he was saying the horse would run away, two of the guard came back to say it had done so; so he had the pleasure of a good prophecy.

Yesterday, we came twelve miles. My health is neither better nor worse, so I came on in the carriage; all the others rode the last four miles, and were met by M. and all his staff at the town of Ferozepore. G. let me go on half a mile in advance, in order to avoid the dust, which must have shocked General R., who never lets even a little dog precede him in his march.

I passed him and his suite by the side of the road drawn up according to the strictest rule, a very large body of cocked hats. General R. in

front, alone, then a long row of general officers, then a longer row of a lower grade. It was too awful and military a moment for speech. I was not sure whether it was not irregular to kiss my hand; however, I ventured on that little movement, which was received with a benign 'clignotement de l'œil' signifying 'Wrong, but I forgive it for once.'

I got in, three quarters of an hour before the rest, who came a foot's pace, and General E. told F. they always marched that fashion—General R. first, they behind—a trot never allowed.

General R. was uncommonly affable, and came and paid me a visit in my tent, where I was lying down, all dust and fatigue, and wishing for breakfast. Sir W. C., too, came in for a moment, in the highest glee, not so fat as he was at Calcutta—we expected he would have been twice the size. I told him he was grown thin, and he went back to his favourite story of the courtiers telling George IV., when he was at his fattest, 'Your Majesty is regaining your figure!'

We had a most interesting envoy from General A. who is employed by Runjeet in Peshawar, and who wrote to each of us his polite French regrets that he could not come here, but he sent 'un très

petit paquet' of the shawls we had commissioned him to get worked in Cashmere, when we saw him in Calcutta, and also the Cashmere gowns he had promised. He declared that there never were such failures; that he had sent seven or eight 'surveillants' to Cashmere, 'mais on m'a tout gâté.'

An hour after there arrived, instead of the 'petit paquet,' a very large pillow, or rather a small ottoman, brought in by two men, and then we had such cutting and nicking and tearing away of oilcloth and muslin and shawl paper and at last arrived at the treasures. Four shawl dresses, four magnificent square shawls, and four long scarfs to match the dresses—but the fineness and the brightness of the whole concern it is impossible to describe. One gets to value shawls only by their fineness at last, and we have seen nothing like these. They have been a year and a half in making. We have ascertained the prices of these shawls, which are very cheap considering their beauty. The dresses were at Calcutta promised us as presents, but under the circumstances of our being in Runjeet's country and A. one of his generals, we want to pay for them, which Captain E. has undertaken to do.

I now say once more, as I have often said before, I really don't want any more shawls, but yet I do always when they come in my way.

In the afternoon Sir W. C., B., W., M., and two or three more, went on elephants to compliment the Maharajah, and met half-way Kurruck Singh, his son and supposed heir, Ajeet Singh, our Simla friend, and Sujeyt Singh, the great *dandy* of the Punjâb, with several others coming to compliment G. The Maharajah had the best of the bargain.

Kurruck Singh is apparently an idiot; some people say he only affects it, to keep Runjeet from being jealous of him, but it looks like very unaffected and complete folly.

Runjeet kept our deputation very late. He was in the highest spirits, W. said, and laughed out loud at several jokes. Sir W. C. took the fancy of all the Sikhs. He is very jovial, besides being courteous in his manners, and talks at a great rate. Runjeet produced some of his wine, a sort of liquid fire, that none of our strongest spirits approach, and in general Europeans cannot swallow more than a drop of it.

Sir W. tossed off his glass and then asked for another, which they thought very fine. He came

back of course very tipsy, but they said he was very amusing at dinner. There are always nautches at these durbars, and one of W.'s former acquaintances called 'the Lotus,' who is very beautiful, looked so pretty that W. asked E. if he might give her the little bunch of pearl flowers, that was given to all the gentlemen. E. said it would amuse the Maharajah, and so it did, but B. is seriously uneasy at the dreadful loss to Government of the pearl bouquet. It was worth about ten shillings, I suppose.

Friday.

Yesterday was the day of the great meeting. All the ladies (only ten with the whole army) came to breakfast at half-past seven, and so did 'the great Panjandrum himself.'

I have not been to any meal, and hardly have seen anybody, for the last three weeks, so I did not join them till it was nearly time for Runjeet to arrive: when he was at the end of the street, G. and all the gentlemen went on their elephants to meet him.

There were such a number of elephants, that the clash at meeting was very great and very destructive to the howdahs and hangings. G. handed the Maharajah into the first large tent,

where we were all waiting; but the Sikhs are very unmanageable, and they rushed in on all sides, and the European officers were rather worse, so that the tent was full in a moment, and as the light only comes in from the bottom, the crowd made it perfectly dark, and the old man seemed confused and bothered. However, he sat down for a few minutes on the sofa between G. and me, and recovered. He is exactly like an old mouse, with grey whiskers and one eye. When they got into the inner tent, which was to have been quite private, the English officers were just like so many bears; put aside all the sentries, absolutely refused to listen to the aides-de-camp, and filled the room; so then, finding it must be public, G. sent us word we might all come there, and we had a good view of it all.

Runjeet had no jewels on whatever, nothing but the commonest red silk dress. He had two stockings on at first, which was considered an unusual circumstance; but he very soon contrived to slip one off, that he might sit with one foot in his hand, comfortably. B. was much occupied in contriving to edge one foot of his chair on to the carpet, in which he at last succeeded.

Next to him sat Heera Singh, a very handsome boy, who is Runjeet's favourite, and was loaded with emeralds and pearls. Dhian Sing his father is the prime minister, and uncommonly good-looking: he was dressed in yellow satin, with a quantity of chain armour and steel cuirass. All their costumes were very picturesque. There were a little boy and girl about four and five years old, children of some of Runjeet's sirdars who were killed in battle, and he always has these children with him, and has married them to each other. They were crawling about the floor, and running in and out between Runjeet and G., and at one time the little boy had got his arm twisted round G.'s leg. I sent to ask B. for two of the common pearl necklaces that are given as khelwuts, and sent them with a private note round to G., who gave them to the children, which delighted the old mouse.

After half an hour's talk, Sir W. C., with some of our gentlemen, marched up the room with my picture of the Queen on a green and gold cushion; all the English got up, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. Runjeet took it up in his hands, though it was a great weight, and examined it for at least five minutes with his one

piercing eye, and asked B. for an explanation of the orb and sceptre, and whether the dress were correct, and if it were really like; and then said it was the most gratifying present he could have received, and that on his return to his camp, the picture would be hung in front of his tent, and a royal salute fired. When all the other presents had been given that could come in trays, 200 shells (not fish, but gunpowder shells) were presented to the Maharajah, and two magnificent howitzers, that had been cast on purpose for him (as I think I told you), which seemed to please him; and outside, there was an elephant with gold trappings, and seven horses equally bedizened. His strongest passion is still for horses: one of these hit his fancy, and he quite forgot all his state, and ran out in the sun to feel its legs and examine it. Webb (the coachman) went down in the afternoon to take the Mizzur horses to Runjeet, and gave us such an amusing account of his interview.

He talks a sort of half Yorkshire, half Indian dialect.

'Why, you see, my lord, I had a long job of it. The old man was a-saying of his prayers, and all the time he was praying, he was a-looking

after my horses. At last he gets up, and I was tired of waiting in all that sun. But law! Miss Eden, there comes that picture that you've been a-painting of; and there the old man sends for his sirdar, and that sirdar and they, all go down on their knees, a matter of sixty of them, and first one has a look and then the other, and Runjeet he asked me such a many questions, I wished the picture further. He talked about it for an hour and a half, and I telled him I never seed the Queen. How should I? I have been here with two Governor-Generals, and twelve years in India above that. So then he says, says he, "Which Governor-General do you like best?" And I says, "Why, Maharajah, I haint much fault to find with neither of them." So then we had out the horses, and there the old man was a-running about looking at 'em, more like a coolie than a king. I never see a man so pleased, and he made me ride 'em. So, when I'd been there four hours a'most, all in the sun, he give me this pair of gold bracelets and this pair of shawls; and he says, says he, "Go and show yourself to the Lord Sahib, just as you are: mind you don't take them off." But law! I did not like to come such a figure, so here they are!'

B. was standing by, so I had the presence of mind to say, 'Of course Lord A. should let Webb keep those,' and he said directly, that for any actual service done, it was only payment, and they would hardly pay Webb for all the trouble he had had with the young horses. So Webb went off very happy, and I suppose when we return to Calcutta Mrs. Webb will be equally so.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Sunday, Dec. 2, 1838.

I WAS very much knocked up yesterday with the durbar of the day before. I never told you—such a horrid idea! That box of yours, with that lovely velvet pelisse—that blue cloak—those little '*modes*' of Mdlle. Sophie, are all food for sharks, I much fear. Pray always mention the name of the ship by which you send such treasures. You and R. both mentioned that these particular treasures sailed the last week in June; the only two ships in the list that *did* sail then were the Seringapatam and the Protector.

We have ascertained that the first had nothing for us, and the unfortunate Protector was wrecked at the Sandheads, and only five of the crew saved. There were all sorts of melancholy horrors about the shipwreck, so for a long time it never occurred to me to think about my own little *venture* in it, but I suppose it must have been there. The passengers, after they had been

two days and nights in the boats, were passed by a ship coming to Calcutta, but this ship was in great danger from a squall, and as they were all a great way from land, she could not contrive to shorten sail, so that the shipwrecked people must have seen a ship pass them without making any sign, just as they were almost at the last gasp. I am sure that must have added a pang to death.

A pang is added to the loss of my box, by my seeing 'a box of wearing apparel picked up at sea, from the wreck of the Protector, to be sold by auction for the benefit of ——' I forget who—the individual who picked it up. Mine to a certainty, and if they will not let me have the box, I cannot see why it is not sold for *my* benefit.

To return to my journal.—On Thursday evening G. gave a dinner to fifty generals and colonels, &c., and they say St. Cloup covers himself with glory by the dinners he turns out. They really are wonderful. I sent for him this morning to tell him so, and he is always very amusing, so like one of Mathews' negroes.

'Si madame est contente, il n'y a rien à dire, et assurément je fais de mon mieux, mais enfin qu'est ce qu'il y a?—pas de légumes, pas de

fruit; il ne faut pas tuer un bœuf, à cause de la religion de ces maudits Sikhs; enfin j'ai de la poussière pour sauce. Mon Dieu, quel pays!'

On Friday morning, G. went to return Runjeet's visit. It was just a repetition of the same ceremonies, he says. He asked G. to come back to a private conference for two hours before the nautch, which he is to give us to-morrow. Some of his presents were very handsome, particularly a bed with gold legs, completely encrusted with rubies and emeralds, all the furniture of the bed being yellow shawl. There was also one pair of blue shawls, which cost Runjeet 240*l.* and which are quite unique.

G. gave another great dinner to fifty colonels, majors, &c., and F. and I dined in my tent. His man-dinner for once turned out pleasant and talkative. St. Cloup maintained his reputation, and I think G. and W. came over after dinner rather merry than otherwise.

This is a dreadfully noisy camp. The cavalry have pitched themselves just behind our tents: one horse gets loose, and goes and bites all the others, and then they kick and get loose too, and then all the syces wake and begin screaming, and the tent pitchers are called to knock in the

rope pins, and the horses are neighing all the time, till they are tied up again. Then the infantry regiment has got a mad drummer (or two or three). He begins drumming at five in the morning and never intermits till seven. I suppose it is some military manœuvre, but I wish he would not. It was so like dear Shakespeare, specifying the 'neighing steed and the spirit-stirring drum,' both assisting to make ambition virtue, the particular virtue of patience being what he had in his eye, of course.

I have got Captain X. and Captain M. to make a nightly round before they go to bed, and I think the horses *are* a few yards further off, but any good sleep is quite out of the question.

Yesterday G. went off at three with B., C., and W. for a private talk with Runjeet, but the old fellow did not talk much business, he likes gossip so much better, and he said he thought the fakeer and B. might meet and talk business without interrupting G. and him. F. got Sir W. C. to come here and chaperon her to the nautch that was to be given in the evening. She says it was very pretty, but not near so splendid as what we saw at Benares or Lucknow. Run-

jeet gave her a string of small pearls, a diamond ring, and a pair of diamond bangles.

G. has given her leave to buy any of them from the Tosha Khanna as a keepsake, but the ring is the only tempting article.

Monday evening, Dec. 3.

G. went to meet Runjeet at seven this morning, and F. joined them on her elephant as they went through our street. I did not set off in the carriage till past eight, and when I got to the ground I was still too early, for Runjeet, instead of being satisfied with a general view of the line, insisted on riding down the whole of it, about three miles, and inspecting every man.

F., Major W., C., and I waited at the flagstaff till their return, which was a beautiful sight (I mean their return was beautiful, not our waiting).

Old Runjeet looks much more personable on horseback than in durbar, and he is so animated on all military matters that he rides about with the greatest activity. G., and he, and their interpreter finally settled themselves at the flagstaff, and there G. sent for F. and me to come on our elephants to them.

In front, there was the army marching by.

First, the 16th Hussars, then a body of native cavalry, then the Queen's Buffs, then a train of Artillery drawn by camels, then Colonel Skinner's wild native horsemen with their steel caps and yellow dresses—the band of each regiment wheeling off as they passed and drawing up to play opposite to Runjeet.

Behind us, there was a large amphitheatre of elephants belonging to our own camp, or to the Sikhs, and thousands of Runjeet's followers all dressed in yellow or red satin, with quantities of their led horses *trapped* in gold and silver tissues and all of them sparkling with jewels. I really never saw so dazzling a sight. Three or four Sikhs would look like Astley's broke loose, but this immense body of them saves their splendour from being melodramatic. The old man himself wears a sort of red stuff dress with a little edging of the commonest grey squirrel's fur, and a common red muslin turban. His horse, too, had less gold about it than any other. He was quite delighted with the review, and at the end of it his servants put down before him eleven bags, each containing 1,000 rupees, to be distributed among the troops. When everything was done, all the chief people went to one tent,

which we had pitched on the ground, where there was a *déjeûner à la fourchette* and all the right things.

I drove straight home to our camp as soon as the troops had marched by, so I did not see the breakfast; but the cookery and the turn-out altogether seemed to have given such satisfaction, that I have just been buying a handsome diamond ring which G. is to present to St. Cloup, who is an absolute black angel. He went overnight to the review ground to cook his breakfast, then back here again, for a dinner of sixteen people, and to-morrow, we are to have Runjeet in the evening and a supper, or rather a dinner, for seventy people. St. Cloup says, with two English kitchenmaids nothing would be so easy, but the instant he goes to rest all the natives fling themselves on the floor and are asleep in a minute, leaving the saucers to take themselves off the fire.

G. gave St. Cloup his ring, and his grin and jump would have delighted Mathews, though perhaps a little overdone for the stage. Runjeet came over early and went with G. to see the artillery, rather against his lordship's inclinations, for he had been to look in the morning

and thought it a very poor show. However, Runjeet was delighted, and kept them there for two hours. We had prepared our fête at the end of the street—a large compound enclosed on three sides with a large tent for us, and a small one for Runjeet filling up the fourth side, guards all round to prevent anybody who had not an invitation from going in. The large tent opened into a long *shemiana*—I hardly know how to explain that, but it is, in fact, a tent without sides, merely a roof supported by pillars; this looked out into the compound, which was laid out like a flower garden, only instead of flowers there were little lamps laid out, as thickly as they could be placed, in the shape of flower borders. On the ground alone, P. said, there were 42,000 lamps, and the garden was railed in by an *espalier* of lamps. It was really very pretty and odd. G. and Runjeet had their great chairs in the centre with B. on the other side of G., F. next to B., then Sir G. R. and a long row of ladies. I sat by the side of Runjeet, and next to me Kurruck Singh, his son, and then another long row of his sirdars.

The instant Runjeet sat down, three or four of his attendants came and knelt down before him,

one, the Fakeer Uzeez-ood-deen, who is his interpreter and adviser and the comfort of his life. We all ought to have Uzeez-ood-deens of our own, if we wish to be really comfortable. The others arranged his gold bottle and glass, and plates of fruit, and he began drinking that horrible spirit which he pours down like water. He insisted on my just touching it, as I had not been at his party on Saturday, and one drop actually burnt the outside of my lips. I could not possibly swallow it. Those two little brats, in new dresses, were crawling about the floor, and he poured some of this fire down their throats. We had two bands to play; and when the fireworks were over, a large collection of nautch-girls came in front of Runjeet and danced and sang apparently much to his satisfaction. They were a very ugly set from Loodheeana. I could not help thinking how eastern we had become, everybody declaring it was one of the best managed and pleasantest parties they had seen. All these satraps in a row, and those screaming girls and crowds of long-bearded attendants, and the old tyrant drinking in the middle—but still we all said: 'What a charming party!' just as we should have said formerly at

Lady C.'s or Lady J.'s. I could not talk with any great ease, being on the blind side of Runjeet who converses chiefly with his one eye and a few signs which his fakeer makes up into a long speech, and Kurruck Singh was apparently an idiot. Luckily beyond him, was Heera Singh who has learnt a little English, and has a good idea of making topics, and when C. came and established himself behind the sofa, I got on very well with Runjeet.

After the conversation had lasted nearly an hour, there was, I suppose, a little pause between G. and him, for he turned round and said something which C. translated in his literal way, 'The Maharajah wishes your lordship would talk a little more *friendship* to him.' G. solemnly declared he had talked an immense deal of friendship, but of course, he began again. Another of Runjeet's topics was his constant praise of drinking, and he said he understood that there were books which contained objections to drunkenness, and he thought it better that there should be no books at all, than that they should contain such foolish notions. He is a very drunken old profligate, neither more nor less. Still he has made himself a great king; he has conquered a great many powerful enemies; he is remarkably

just in his government; he has disciplined a large army; he hardly ever takes away life, which is wonderful in a despot, and he is excessively beloved by his people.

I certainly should not guess any part of this from looking at him.

After two hours' palaver he got up to go. I gave him a large emerald ring, and G. gave him a magnificent diamond aigrette. It only arrived from Calcutta yesterday on speculation, and was thought too expensive, but G. had a great fancy to give it to Runjeet, it was so beautifully set. After the Sikhs were all gone, we went back to our private tents, where there was a *souper-dinatoire* for seventy people; and that is our final festivity.

Thursday, Dec. 6.

All the gentlemen went at daybreak yesterday to Runjeet's review, and came back rather discomfited. He had nearly as many troops out as Sir G. R. had; they were quite as well disciplined, rather better dressed, repeated the same military movements and several others much more complicated, and, in short, nobody knows what to say about it, so they say nothing, except that they are sure the Sikhs would run away in a real

fight It is a sad blow to our vanities! you won't mention it to the troops in London—we say nothing about it to those here.

This morning we marched again, only just five miles so as to get into the Punjâb; and G., who had more last words to say to Sir G. R. and the army, did not come till the afternoon.

Saturday, Dec. 8.

Shere Singh, Runjeet's son, is our *mehmander*, and takes care of us through the Punjâb. Runjeet feeds the whole camp while we are in his country, men and beasts—the men 15,000 (we thought it was only 10,000, but when every regiment we had sent in its full muster roll, it came to 15,000).

Shere Singh is a very jolly dog, proffered to dine with us yesterday, which means sitting at dinner with his eyes fixed on G.; he will drink but not eat. I did not go in to dinner, but was in the same tent, and thinking the conversation seemed to flag, sent Chance to W.O., who made him show off the multitude of tricks he has acquired; and it set Shere Singh and his attendants off laughing, and filled up the time. I dare say Shere would be pleasant if one spoke his language.